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SIXTEENTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

SAMUEL TRAVERS CLOVER - - EDITOR

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL: "Mushet Ought to Be Thankful"—"John Cowley's Fearful Ordeal"—"Degeneracy of a Book Reviewer"—"Unbiased View of James N. Gillett"—"Portrait of Man's Future"—"Place the Blame Where Due".....	1-2
GRAPHITES.....	2
BROWSINGS IN AN OLD BOOK SHOP. By S. T. C.....	3
"IN THE TREACHEROUS SHALE." By S. T. C.....	3
NEW YORK LETTER: "Awakening of Helena Richie." By Annie Page.....	4
GOSSIP FROM THE GOLDEN GATE. By R. H. C.....	4
BY THE WAY.....	5-6
BOOK REVIEWS: "Old Boston Days and Ways"—"The Wistful Years"—"Land of Long Ago"—"Virginia of the Air Lanes".....	7
MUSIC. By Blanche Rogers Lott.....	8
ART AND ARTISTS. By W. C. M.....	9
SOCIAL AND PERSONAL. By Ruth Burke.....	10-11-15
LITTLE SERMONS ON HEALTH. By Dr. L. L. Denny.....	11
DRAMA: "Invasion." By S. T. C.—"The Toreador." By S. T. C.—"Man of the Hour"—"Mr. Hamlet of Broadway"—"The Soul Kiss"—"The Road to Yesterday"—"Good Bill at Orpheum"—Offerings for Next Week—Asides.....	12-13-15
STOCKS, BONDS, FINANCE.....	14

MUSHET OUGHT TO BE THANKFUL

AFTER reading with great care the reply of Mayoralty Candidate George A. Smith to the polite invitation of the eliminated W. C. Mushet, for an amicable recount of the votes cast at the recent primary election, supplemented by Private Counsel Meserve's cautious letter of advice, eke the admonition of the Republican city executive committee (out of a job), bearing on the same subject, we are of the opinion that Mr. Mushet will get little satisfaction in that direction. The court may grant his petition, but a recount is just as likely to add a dozen to Smith's lead of 19 as vice versa. Of course, the one with the preponderating figures is entitled to make the running against Alexander, who led both by five thousand votes, but as the face of the returns awards this privilege to Smith, he might as well be the sacrificial victim as Mushet.

We are free to confess that the retiring auditor would have been a more formidable antagonist for his honor, Uncle George, despite his anti-school bond affiliations. With Smith as the opposing candidate, we look to see a two-to-one vote for Alexander, and shall be greatly surprised if Smith polls as large a vote as the mayor attained at the primary. Alexander's total ought to reach close to twenty thousand, with Smith scoring about half that number. There is no enthusiasm for the renegade rump Republican candidate; there is no sound, logical reason why he should supplant the incumbent, while there is excellent reason why Alexander should be his own successor. His affiliations may not be relished by the organization that is wont to take orders, but in the eyes of the majority that constitutes the main strength of Uncle George's candidacy.

Mr. Mushet is not a good loser. Having fired and missed, he should fall back and watch Smith attempt to dodge the flying ballots December 7. When Mr. Harper's financial backer is carried off the field, mortally wounded, the retiring auditor may offer up Te Deums that he has been mercifully preserved for a possible future day. When Smith falls, he will be placed hors de combat for all time. Mr. Mushet can always hug the delusion that with him opposing Alexander the result

might have been different. Yet he has much to be thankful for. To continue to attack him and his sponsors, however, as the Express is doing is bad politics, and will make no votes for the mayor. The public invariably sympathizes with the under dog. Mushet occupies that unenviable position, and should be let alone.

JOHN COWLEY'S FEARFUL ORDEAL

THIRTEEN men, in attempting a rescue of the three hundred or more doomed miners imprisoned in the burning coal pits at Cherry, Ill., last Saturday, met their death as a result of the strict obedience to orders impressed on John Cowley, engineer of the main shaft of the St. Paul mine. "Move the cage only in answer to the regular bell code" were his implicit instructions, received from the vein boss, just before the rescue party went below. Close adherence to this admonition resulted in the annihilation of the thirteen brave men who sought to save their fellow employes from a fearful fate. The noxious fumes at the bottom of the shaft rendered all unconscious, hence the absence of signals. Cowley, racked by distressing doubts, refused to heed the agonizing appeals of those on top to hoist the cage, until too late. When the lift was finally brought to the surface, all the members of the rescue party were either dead or dying.

Picture the mental agony of this unfortunate shaft engineer! To raise the cage in the absence of signals was directly contrary to orders; if he disobeyed, it might result in imperiling the lives of the rescuers by removing their only means of safety. His orders were imperative, "move only on signal." Friends and relatives of the band of devoted men below begged, bullied, blustered and threatened in the effort to get him to yield, but Cowley, with the tears streaming down his face, stood out. The precious moments were fleeting. Volumes of smoke began to vomit from the open shaft. The bystanders grew frantic. Cowley was in despair. Finally, he entreated of the boss machinist what to do. "Raise it," was the laconic response. The power was thrown on, the spectators stood in breathless suspense until the platform of the cage emerged, on which lay huddled a group of lifeless forms. Then a mighty groan rose to high heaven from the tense crowd, mingled with an agonizing cry from Engineer John Cowley.

Who shall have the heart to blame him? He obeyed orders. He did what he believed was for the best. But those ten precious minutes that elapsed while he stood hesitating, torn by conflicting emotions, carried death to thirteen heroic men and desolation to as many households. Today John Cowley is a broken, nervous wreck, a prey to the deepest remorse, a self-accusing murderer. Truly, he is more to be pitied than any one of his unwitting victims.

DEGENERACY OF A BOOK REVIEWER

MUZZLED by a promise not to reveal the identity of a book reviewer who recently attempted to blackmail a western author out of a sum of money, in return for a favorable review of his latest novel, The Graphic is impelled to withhold the name of the scamp who sought to extract one hundred dollars in this infamous manner. That he is employed on a Los Angeles daily paper, and, despite his dereliction, which is known to his managing editor and the responsible proprietor, still retains his position, is the humiliating part of this contemptible affair. In response to the letter of remonstrance, written by the indignant author, to the publisher of the morning daily harboring this cad, came the astounding acknowledgment that the fact alleged was not doubted, but the author was assured it was not authorized.

Not authorized! Possibly. Yet, after such a disclosure—the most disgraceful charge that can be leveled at a critic or a newspaper—the fact

that the blackmailer is still employed on the sheet is evidence enough, surely, that the practice is condoned, or, at least, regarded with callous indifference by those in authority. We regret exceedingly that a solemn promise interdicts the exposure of the rascally writer, who has shed disrepute on the entire Los Angeles guild of critics. He deserves to be excoriated in language far more censorious than he ever applied to a book whose author refused to yield to his stand-and-deliver methods. That he is a decadent, unworthy of the association of self-respecting men and women; that his managing editor is grossly derelict in his duty to the public in continuing the services of one so disreputable; that the responsible publisher is deserving of the utmost contempt for not kicking the fellow out of the building, cannot be doubted.

For the miserable courtesan who barter her body to sustain life there is a measure of excuse. For the one who would betray the public, make of his paper a common strumpet, sell his honor for cash, as this mongrel has done, there are no words in the English language adequate. That he has not been summarily ejected from the staff proves conclusively that his wretched performance is in nowise inconsistent with the policy of the paper on which he is employed.

UNBIASED VIEW OF JAMES N. GILLETT

THAT Governor Gillett intends to be a candidate for re-election is fairly certain, although he has not, as yet, officially announced his purpose. That northern California favors his tentative aspirations needed not the indorsement of prominent state and federal officials and others well known in commercial and professional life on the coast in proof. At the dinner given at the Union League Club in San Francisco, last Saturday, the several speakers paid their respects to California's executive in high terms and commended his administration as worthy of the confidence of the state electorate for further service. The governor, in reply, voiced his appreciation of the honor paid him, but evidently thought it was yet too early to make public his plans, since he remained noncommittal.

We agree with our northern compatriots that Governor Gillett, on the whole, has given an excellent account of his stewardship. It is, probably, natural that he should favor the northern part of the state, even at our expense, because his associations and, doubtless, his sentiments, lean in that direction. This explains his failure to appoint a resident of Southern California to the vacancy on the supreme bench, caused by death, when, by every right of equity, it should have been filled from this side of the Tehachapi. Instead, he yielded to the voice of the political siren, whose habitat is in San Francisco, and awarded the honor to an Alameda lawyer, entirely satisfactory to the organization. Considering all the circumstances, this was unfair to the south, but from the side of practical politics it may have been a good move. We shall see.

Again, his appointments down here have savored too strongly of organization dictation to be ideal; or, rather, to be as good as they might have been. We dislike to see bench positions filled by "political" judges, no matter how able the candidates. It is not in the best interests of the commonwealth. As for the governor's anti-suffrage utterances they are a reflection on his intelligence, on his broadness of vision. To say that his kind can fill all official positions admirably, without inviting the co-operation of the other sex, sounds a bit vainglorious. Why not be just, and welcome woman to that equality which only man's supreme vanity and selfishness in the past have combined to deny her? When we see so much mediocrity in the male sex, and so much brilliancy of intellect in the hitherto submerged other half, we can easily fancy that it is through fear of dispossession, and with the hope of post-

poning the inevitable, that the male biped opposes giving to woman the same civic privileges accorded so generously to himself. In this respect Governor Gillett is disappointing. He is big, physically, but narrow, mentally.

However, despite these limitations, the governor's administration, in the main, has been satisfactory. He has measured up well in many instances, notably in his approval of good, tentative legislation, and his disapproval of bad bills. His improved highways campaign is worthy of the highest encomiums, and we should like to see him retained in office long enough to get the state thoroughly committed to the undertaking. This is essentially an "outdoors" state, and our public roads should be an inspiring example to every member of the union of states. Governor Gillett has started right in this respect, and should be allowed more time in which to ride his admirable hobby.

To sum up: The governor, while not meeting all requirements, has approximated. He is more than mediocre, he is much less than perfection. Handicapped by his organization affiliations, he has committed faults that are inseparable from the "take-order" Republicanism of the state, and by them he must inevitably be judged, as he must likewise suffer. If Los Angeles is not to be invited to furnish good gubernatorial material—and we have such—the commonwealth might do far worse than indorse the second-term idea. But there's a free field for all. The people, at least, are able to settle the question for themselves, thanks to the direct primary law.

PORTENT OF MAN'S FUTURE

PROJECT your mind, as Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis has done, several centuries ahead, and man, says the Brooklyn divine, speaking before the Cook County Teachers Association, last Saturday, will be found taking off his hat to woman, not alone for that superiority which is recognized today, but because she is the only educated person in the country. There is only one saving clause for man, he must mend his ways if he would retain his intellectual prestige. If the men continue to devote their days to business and their evenings to recreation, it is only a question of time, argued Mr. Beecher's pulpit successor, when the women following intellectual pursuits will be the mental superior of the sterner sex in every particular.

Dr. Hillis is not so far off in his prophecy as the casual reader may imagine. In fact, he is most conservative in setting the date so far ahead. At the present rate of woman's progress and man's retrogression, a single century, instead of two or three, will turn the tables. Dr. Hillis is quoted as saying he doesn't see any reason why women should not vote. He told his hearers that he was tired of listening to false statements about women, to the effect that they were made inferior to man and should be kept subject to his authority. "We are having too much trouble over that statement of Paul's, that women should not talk in the church," was the brilliant preacher's tart comment.

Another distinguished thinker, Associate Justice Brewer of the supreme bench of the United States, adds his voice to the cause of the suffragists. In a current magazine article he is found declaring that the question of woman suffrage is a living, practical one that has passed beyond the days of ridicule. He thinks that woman's touch may work for criminal reformation, and that female suffrage will never debase the home or lessen its power and influence. On the contrary, it will introduce a refining and uplifting power into our political life, he asserts. Nor will it stop marriage. Children will come, he argues, adding, a bit caustically, "race suicide is not the worst of offense. To load a home with so many children that the mother can not give to each the full blessing of a mother's care and attention is far worse than race suicide."

Good, common sense, that. Truth is, the male anti-suffragist, who prates of woman's sphere being in her home, is inherently selfish, although he is far from admitting that his viewpoint is so governed. In his heart he imagines that women will cease to cater to his whims and fancies, cease to immolate herself on the altar of his selfishness, be more than a mere plaything to be caressed and bear his children. He is content to let the

race deteriorate, if need be, that he may not be annoyed; and that it would retrograde if the women were to follow the example set by men is self-evident. Herein is a key to woman's enfranchisement. If she will but wait, her educational superiority will compel man to give her the civic rights he now withholds. But we do not blame her for getting restive and mandatory, meanwhile.

Dr. Felix Adler of New York is quoted as saying he regards as impracticable any attempt to limit universal suffrage. He desires a suffrage broad enough to include every man and, eventually, every woman. He thinks the plan under which suffrage is operated at the present time in this country could be materially bettered, and he hopes to direct attention toward changes "which shall tend to enfranchise men and women alike, rather than to assist in increasing the number of those who receive the political sacrament 'to their damnation.'" He concludes by intimating that in his opinion woman suffrage is ethically just, and that what is ethically just is practically desirable. All of which is respectfully commended to Governor Gillett, who thinks woman's place is at home, and that man has proved himself so admirably fitted to fill the offices.

PLACING THE BLAME WHERE DUE

SO MUCH deserved censure has been leveled at mine owners in the past, following an accident resulting in great loss of life, due to the greed or criminal carelessness of the management, that attention of the public should be directed to the other side of the shield, as adduced by the revelations concerning the recent mining horror at Cherry, Ill., in which upward of three hundred imprisoned miners have probably met a fearful fate. We say probably, because at this writing no communication from below ground has reached the outside world, and with a recurrence of the fire that originally broke out, due to the criminal carelessness of employees, little hope is entertained of finding any alive when the pit is reopened.

Here was a mine, known as the St. Paul, owned and operated by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway Company, which was equipped with all modern safety devices, scientifically planned, obeying all state regulations, whose officials and superintendents neglected no opportunity for the safeguarding of the many lives dependent upon their skill and exertions. Yet all their disciplinary methods, all their efforts to avert possible disaster were rendered ineffectual by the very ones in whose behalf all these precautions were taken. According to the testimony brought out by the investigating officials, the workers below ground refused to be governed by orders, were careless with explosives and with inflammable material, and flagrantly violated rules made solely for their benefit. When the expert mine manager sought to discipline reckless employees for disobeying orders the evidence shows that he was thrashed soundly for his insistence. Had the eager followed instructions when the bale of hay caught fire that caused the disaster, there would not be one thousand orphans and upward of two hundred widows crying and mourning in the Illinois town today and refusing to be comforted.

Justice demands that the truth be told, even though it may exonerate a rich and powerful corporation. The St. Paul road has won the confidence of the traveling public in the past by its high regard for the comforts of its patrons, and in extending this same care to its subsidiary interests it was merely pursuing a well-defined policy that is an admirable attribute of the operating company. The mine horror, doubtless, could have been averted but for the reckless disregard of rules by employees in whose interests they were primarily framed.

GRAPHITES

In noticing Representative McLachlan's plaint that he has had no support from San Francisco for his measure now pending before congress to establish a line of steamships, owned and operated by the national government, between Pacific coast points and Panama, the San Francisco Call waxes humorously sarcastic. Mr. McLachlan is assured that he is grossly mistaken in believing the northern metropolis does not desire the installation of a government line of steamships; but

if he has found a tinge of skepticism it must be attributed to the generally accepted, although possibly erroneous, estimate of his political standing and affiliations. He has not been taken seriously, it is vouchsafed, because he is a congressional product credited to the Southern Pacific company, and as the establishment of a line such as Mr. McLachlan proposes would put the Pacific Mail steamship out of the coast business, how could the two jibe? If there are no strings attached, then the Call assures the Los Angeles county congressman of the fullest support for his measure, when he urges it on congress. If his position is sincere, ventures the Call.

With the certain rejection of the English budget by the British house of peers, the house of commons will go before the country asking for a vote of confidence. If it is given, as there is no written constitution to govern procedure, the house of commons will go ahead and approve the budget in defiance of the veto of the house of lords, thus practically putting the upper chamber out of business. The nobility is fighting for a retention of its privileges. The new budget proposes, among other radical measures, to impose a tax on the big land holdings of the titled aristocracy, which is exempt. This procedure is being vigorously espoused by Lloyd George, chancellor of the exchequer, and it is believed the commons of England will indorse the plan, which to a democracy seems to be both just and reasonable.

We find no reference in President Taft's Thanksgiving proclamation to the "best tariff measure" this country has seen. Considering how truly thankful we should be for this great gift, the omission of any reference to it is disappointing. Surely, Mr. Taft must have been absorbed in other topics, when he composed his Thanksgiving reminder.

BROWSINGS IN AN OLD BOOK SHOP

OCCASIONALLY, I find choice reading matter at the Old Book Shop between paper covers, in which form a personal narrative of absorbing interest may be unearthed by the browser seeking the strange and unusual. This week I have been vastly entertained by a brochure of this nature, printed at Berwick-Upon-Tweed in 1878, reciting the captivity and adventures of Major John Rutherford, who, as a lad of seventeen, accompanied Lieutenant Charles "Robson" (Robertson) of the Seventy-seventh regiment, in command of King George's vessels on Lake Erie in 1763, on an exploring expedition between Detroit and Michellematama, with the object of ascertaining if the lakes and rivers were navigable for vessels of a greater burden than the small bateaux then in use. Sir Robert "Davies" (Daviers), who had passed the winter in Detroit, also was of the party which was authorized by Major Gladwin (Gladwyn) of the Eightieth regiment, commanding officer at Detroit. Young Rutherford had been sent out to America from Scotland to visit an uncle in New York, who had amassed a fortune in commerce. Finding the lad alert and trustworthy, he was dispatched to Fort Detroit in charge of military stores and supplies for the garrison. Having executed his commission, he was about to return to New York when the invitation came to join the exploring party to the lakes, of which opportunity to see the country and enjoy good hunting young Rutherford gladly availed himself. (Note: Mr. Rutherford has inadvertently misspelled the names of Robertson and Daviers. I shall give the correct orthography.)

Four days voyaging brought the travelers near the mouth of the Huron river. Here they fell in with several French Canadians, who were building a sawmill, and who warned Captain Robertson that the Indians were in revolt against the British and only awaited an opportunity to pounce upon the little party and destroy it. Instead of heeding this friendly advice and retreating, Robertson, with English bulldog tenacity, kept to his course. As they proceeded up the river, it suddenly narrowed and was so rapid that the bateaux were obliged to keep close to the shore. Sir Robert Daviers, who was ahead in his canoe, was the first to scent danger, but it was too late to go back. The Indians began lining the banks, and soon opened fire on the little band. Captain Robertson was the first man killed, followed by two soldiers. The savages then rushed forward and in a jiffy scalped their three victims. Rutherford, who had taken the helm when Robertson fell, was seized by the hair of the head and dragged through the water, reaching the shore in a half-drowned condition. Sir Robert Daviers was

shot as he tried to get away, and promptly scalped. Young Rutherford was turned over to an old squaw, wife of his captor, and for several months thereafter served as her slave. His first effort at escaping to Fort Detroit, eighty miles away, was frustrated, and for a number of weeks following the youth was so roughly treated by the Chippewa chief that he dared not make another attempt.

* * *

Rutherford tells of being urged to partake of the body of Captain Robertson, which, however, he was able to avoid. Lest there are those who may scoff at the idea of the lake Indians being cannibals, I hasten to quote from Parkman, who, in his "Conspiracy of Pontiac," observes that the Indians are not habitual criminals, but after a victory it often happened that they consumed the bodies of their enemies at a formal warfeast, a superstitious rite, adapted, as they thought, to increase their courage and hardihood. This was the period, it will be remembered, when Pontiac besieged Detroit and with the allied forces of Ottawas, Pottawattamies, Wyandots, Ojibways, Chippewas, Miamis and Sacs maintained a siege that is notable in the history of the English occupation. Rutherford refers to the Otterwabs, Pontenathinies and Wianeloes, which probably was as near as he could arrive phonetically at Ottawas, Pottawattamies and Wyandots. His Indian master stripped him of his clothes, dressed him in a blanket, shaved his head, leaving a small tuft of hair on the crown and two small locks, which he plaited, painted his face and gave him a tobacco pouch and pipes.

* * *

After four of five weeks had passed, in which time Rutherford was initiated into all the family gatherings, the tribe moved down to within a few miles of Detroit, to assist in the siege. But food being scarce, his master decided to return to the village on the Huron river, when young Rutherford was formally adopted as a son by his captor, and given the Indian name of Addick, signifying white elk. Captain Campbell of the Sixtieth regiment, treacherously taken prisoner when offering proposals of peace, was in the same camp with Rutherford, who often talked with the ill-fated officer. Campbell was slain by the Chippewas in revenge for an attack by Captain Hopkins, who, in a sortie, killed a chief of that nation. In return, the Ottawas, who held Campbell, insisted on another victim, and Lieutenant Pauli was offered. But that young officer was befriended by a handsome squaw and escaped to the fort, so in lieu of him Rutherford's life was demanded. Peewash, his adopted father, hastened to hide the lad in a Frenchman's barn. Later, he was taken before the four big chiefs of the nations conducting the siege, where Pontiac himself made Rutherford translate the letters found in Captain Campbell's pockets. It was a notable occasion, and no wonder that Rutherford did not feel comfortable in such company. Pontiac, however, took a great fancy to the youth and would have kept him in his hut, but for the demands of the head chief of the Chippewas, Owassa, who claimed the young man as belonging to his nation. Owassa offered Rutherford one of his daughters to wife, but the youth demurred and postponed giving an answer until he was ready to marry.

* * *

After four months of harrowing experiences, Rutherford managed to escape from his captors and reach Detroit. He says the whole town turned out to see him. He wore nothing but a greasy painted shirt, his face was painted red, black and green, his hair cut away and skin blackened, and his legs so lacerated with briars and thorns and so affected with poisonous vines that he was an object of pity, as well as of laughter. He was also tattooed by the tribe that captured him, the marks of which he retained to his dying day. From Detroit, young Rutherford sailed to Niagara, was wrecked and again captured by Indians, but soon escaped and got safely to New York. After living for a time with his uncle, he obtained an ensigncy in the Forty-second regiment and was assigned to duty under General Bouquet on an expedition against the Shawnee and Delaware Indians.

* * *

Here the journal ceases, but Major John Rutherford's son, Thomas, of Roxburghshire, Scotland, adds a postscript to the effect that his father remained thirty years in the Forty-second regiment—the famous Black Watch—serving in both American wars, after which he quitted the army and returned to Roxburghshire, Scotland. He died at Jedburgh, January 12, 1830, at the age of 84. The journal was not copied until 1867 and appeared in print eleven years later. But note the sequel. This copy I have before me bears the signature of W. Rutherford, a grandson of the major, and is dated Timaru, October 3, 1879. Timaru is a coast town of New Zealand. I know it well,

having strayed there in my youth. In that south sea British dependency Emily Rutherford, a great granddaughter of the adventurous major, was born, who today, with her father, is living in Los Angeles. Miss Rutherford is a beautiful and accomplished young woman, a talented worker in the arts and crafts, and a most charming conversationalist. It is a far cry from the Indian village on Lake St. Clair in 1763 to the Los Angeles of 1909, but the one hundred and forty-six years have been bridged as indicated, and the youth whose life was spared by the Chippewa chief, Peewash, is today represented in Southern California by his grandson and great granddaughter. This personal bit of history renders my find doubly interesting.

S. T. C.

IN THE TREACHEROUS SHALE

OUR summer camp is on one of the smaller creeks that empty into the San Gabriel river, in Southern California. We are about twenty miles up from the mouth of the main canyon and one mile east of the entrance of Cattle Canyon. Here in the heart of the forest reserve we have established a permanent camp on the strength of a lease from Uncle Sam. Our little retreat is on a thickly wooded bar, semi-circular in shape, the background of which is formed by the precipitous walls of the canyon, the frontage lying along the creek for five hundred feet.

Four hundred feet or so above our camp we had discovered, through the field glasses, what looked like a disused trail, which was said to lead to a long-deserted mining claim, or "copper prospect," as our informant, an old-timer, termed it. In a misguided moment, I had promised the two younger boys, Payson and Gregory, that we would climb the side of the canyon clear up to the old trail, and follow it until we found the abandoned mine, a prospective expedition that held large possibilities of adventure to their youthful minds.

Payson is twelve, Gregory ten. The latter is absolutely fearless, self-confident to the danger limit, and as ambitious as good lungs, sturdy legs, and a healthy constitution can conspire to render him. Payson is cast in a less aggressive mold; he is strong enough to cope with any ordinary difficulty, is a daring rider, but at critical moments loses his nerve and becomes as timid as a little girl. I thought of this characteristic all too late.

Both boys wore their khaki leggings, and I my riding boots, as a protection against the underbrush and possible snakes. At my belt I fastened a sharp hunting knife, a procedure that elicited derisive scoffs from Gregory, but which proved to be a saving grace later.

It was easy climbing the first hundred feet. Gregory, as usual, was in the lead, his active little figure making light work of the ascent. Payson followed, eager to emulate his brother, and I formed the rear guard, in case of an untoward slip.

At an elevation of about three hundred feet, and when within a hundred feet or so of the old trail, the climbing became decidedly difficult, and I suddenly realized that I had played the fool in allowing the small boys to attempt so hazardous an undertaking. For ten or fifteen minutes we had mounted, by sheer muscular strength, almost straight upward, taking advantage of stone, bush or ledge that invited toepoint or tensile resistance to aid our ascent. A pause for breath found us in the center of a cleared space, a sort of runway leading from the trail above, down which the winter rains had washed everything bare. The soil was of fine, loose rock, or shale, and offered the most insecure footing. What big rocks we found were of a most deceitful appearance, in that they yielded to the lightest touch and rolled past us in a dusty swirl. To go back the way we came was not possible, however, as was quickly forced upon my perturbed senses by a glance at the steep incline we had surmounted. It was the trail above or broken bones, perhaps worse, I grimly decided.

Gregory's clear treble rang out at this juncture, forty feet overhead. He had scrambled like a mountain goat across the shale into the scant brush fringing the runway and was comfortably resting.

"Come on, father, what's keeping you?" He called. "It's all right up here!"

I answered cheerily—a sickly simulation—"Plenty of time! Payson doesn't want to hurry"—when at that instant a shower of shale and loose rocks enveloped me and Payson's frightened "O, father, I'm falling!" struck terror to my soul.

I braced myself, instinctively, and shooting out my left hand, caught the lad's foot as it came sliding toward me. Payson was flat against the side of the mountain, a sheer drop of one hundred feet below him and two hundred and fifty more of rocky declivity still lower. If I could

not hold him there, his tender body was certainly doomed to frightful contact with the ragged rocks. I groaned inwardly, as big beads of perspiration broke out on my forehead. But the responsibility was with me. It was no time to show the white feather.

"All right, Paysie," I cried, reassuringly. "Just hang on."

"O, father, I'm so scared, I can't," whimpered the little fellow, his natural timidity suddenly asserting itself.

I affected to make light of it. "O, yes, you can. You know I'm here and won't let any harm come to you."

Just then I spied a fairly good-sized stone projecting from the shale, just a few inches below where I had caught Payson's heel. It looked safe, and bidding the lad lower himself gently, I directed his foot toward it. I did not relax my grip until he had tested its staying qualities by vigorous pressure, but the rock held firm, and I cautiously withdrew my tired hand.

"Now, Payson," I admonished, "I want you to remain perfectly still, while I climb up to where Gregory is and cut a big stick. Can you do it?"

"I'll try, I'll try, father," came in quick nervous jerks from the scared little chap, "But, O, be quick, father, be quick. I can't hold on, I can't hold on," and he began to cry.

"You must hold on," I exclaimed, sternly. "Keep still and I'll have you out of that in a few minutes."

It was a pitiful effort to appear cheerful when my heart was like lead. If the rock gave away, or Payson lost control of himself, the lad was a goner. He lay outstretched, with his sombrero pushed back from his forehead, his red bandanna neckerchief covered with dust, and his face fairly kissing the mountain side. The left foot only had a resting place; the toe of the right was imbedded in the treacherous shale.

I was by no means safe, but it was a time for great chances. Swaying my body sidewise, I caught a manzanita bush that edged the runway to the right. It held, and with toes and fingers dug into the soil, I scrambled on to slightly firmer ground. Upward, for thirty feet, I climbed, obsessed by the agonizing thought that Payson could not last. My objective was a buckthorn, a stout branch from which, I figured, I could reach out to the boy and haul him into comparative safety.

"O, hurry, hurry, father! I can't hang on much longer," he wailed, as I fought my way up to the bush.

I called back as cheerfully as I could, "Just a minute or two, laddie, and father will be with you. I'm cutting a stout stick to pull you over to me. Keep quiet and don't be afraid."

I caught sight of his face as I hacked away at the sapling with the sharp hunting knife that now proved itself priceless. It was as white as the quartz rock glistening in the sun on the extreme left, and I feared the lad had fainted. God, would the blade never cut through!

Gregory, meanwhile, had crawled back along the edge of the rain course until he was parallel with his brother. He did not realize the danger, and was inclined to laugh at Payson's perilous plight.

"O, what's the use of being so scared," I heard him say, as the knife at length severed the tough fibers. "Father'll be here in a jiffy."

Perhaps it was the tonic that was most needed at that critical moment to quiet the imperiled boy, for he replied in a calmer voice, "I'm all right, Grubby"—his pet name for his younger brother.

Bidding Gregory watch out, I flung the detached bough to where he crouched. He caught the smaller branches and held fast. Then I crawled down under chapparal that tore my shirt and gashed my face, but to which I paid no attention. In two or three minutes I was in position, five feet from Payson, firmly braced against a bunch of greasewood.

I seized the sapling by the thick part and gently directed the slender, but no less tough, end downward, until it lay alongside the lad's body.

"Now, Payson," I called, "don't move your foot until you have a firm hold, and when you're ready, shout!"

He clutched the branch with both hands, one above the other.

"All right," he piped.

"Hang on, tight!" I cried, and began hauling in on the stick. In two minutes the boy's trembling figure lay nestling in my arms, with the dusty, white face sobbing against my shoulder, his heart beating like a triphammer.

For perhaps a quarter of an hour I held him thus, meanwhile praising his fortitude, his presence of mind. Then, having recovered from his scare, he looked up with a self-conscious smile, and whispered, "Let's go on!"

S. T. C.

"AWAKENING OF HELENA RICHIE"

IN THE "Awakening of Helena Richie" is seen that rare thing a well-ordered and interesting play adapted from a novel so skillfully that it is not necessary to know the book to understand the stage story. Yet those of us who have learned to know and love old Chester and its people, through Mrs. Deland's stories, were the gladder, because of our acquaintance, to meet in the flesh the kindly, gentle, sympathetic Dr. Lavender, the good Dr. Willie King and his wife, Martha, serving briskly as in the days of old, Helena Richie, and the others concerned in her awakening. To Miss Charlotte Thompson belongs the credit of the adaptation, but to Miss Margaret Anglin and the capable company with which she has surrounded herself, belongs the sense of reality that pervades the atmosphere. The keynote of the play is set at once when, through the zealous Martha King, we feel the sharpness of the village tongue and foresee what its effect will be when it strikes at the soul of the sensuous, happiness-seeking, Helena Richie.

Miss Anglin is delightful as Helena. She is lovely in the old-fashioned dress of 1860, and she slights no detail of it from the hair net to the hoop skirt. In the role she has an opportunity to do the things she does best, and she does them with all the charm that we have learned to expect from her. Helena has come a stranger to the little village of Old Chester, and the villagers are bent on being kind to her, in spite of the fact that her ways are not their ways, and her attitude toward life a direct defiance of what they believe to be the way in which Providence has ordered the universe. They do not understand, and, like many other well-intentioned people, they resent what they do not understand. Helena persists in holding herself aloof from their unwelcome attentions, and in asserting her right to live in her own way and to seek her own happiness, irrespective of what anybody else may think about it. The elements clash, and, finally, a catastrophe occurs, which, but for the awakening that teaches her the responsibility of the individual to the order of the world, would wreck all hope of earthly happiness.

Every week Lloyd Pryor comes to the village to see her, her brother, she calls him, but the fiction soon disappears in the light of her expansion in his presence. Miss Anglin is a wonderful lovmaker, never sensual, but always sensuous. She is at her best when she can give way to its abandonment. As we see her in the role, we wonder that Lloyd's love could ever cool, but he is already trying to evade the responsibility of a possible marriage, when the death of her husband will set her free. It would, perhaps, have been more artistic if Mr. Ormonde had not made the cooling of Lloyd's love quite so evident in the beginning. He was a bit stagey. Indeed, one wondered how Helena could quite go on deceiving herself about him. In her soul she does know the truth, but she craves happiness so much that she will not acknowledge it to herself. The husband, whose death she is daily hoping for and expecting, has driven her to run away through cruelty that culminated in the murder of her baby. From this brute she turned to the sunshine of Lloyd's love, as a flower turns to the sun. That it might fail her, she could hardly bring herself to believe.

Into her life now comes the child David. At Dr. King's suggestion, Dr. Lavender lends him for a visit to Helena. Slowly the maternal love reawakens in her, and the little orphan, who thinks "God must be discouraged because so many people He makes dies," and who "is so tired of visiting," finds at last some one who wants him. People love Helena, they cannot help it. Her maid voices the feeling about her when she says, "There'd be a string of dead and wounded from here to California if everybody who loved her took to shootin' himself." But the tragedy is Sam Wright's. He is a young boy with a poet's soul, and Helena represents everything that is beautiful to him, everything that is good. He is just a boy to her, she cannot take him seriously, but, like a bolt out of the blue, he asks her to marry him. Simultaneously comes the news of her husband's death, and her absorption in the belief that Lloyd will come to make her happy. The boy's old grandfather, a man of the world, has penetrated her secret, and, thinking to save the youth, tells him the brutal truth. With his ideals crushed, no longer wishing to live, he kills himself. After this, the story comes rapidly to a climax and close. Lloyd appears, and his one thought is to evade his responsibility, if he can do it without breaking his word. He hits on the expedient of telling Helena that, because of his daughter and the care that must be taken to

secure their position before the world, the child David must be given up. Helena's eyes are open at last, and she chooses to keep the child and let Lloyd go. But Dr. Lavender has come to know her story, and he makes her see that she is not a fit person to bring up a child, because she has been always concerned with her own happiness, and because she has not been able either to endure suffering or to tell the truth. Her heart is breaking, but she decides to go away and leave the child. Just before she leaves, she destroys, without reading it, a letter from Lloyd. Then Dr. Lavender decides that the work of regeneration is complete, and when she goes, she takes David with her.

With so good a cast it is difficult to praise with discrimination, but there are one or two points that deserve special mention. Mr. George Probert's playing of Sam Wright is wonderful. Into an exterior almost uncouth he puts the fire and exultation of a poet. Not once does he lose the awkward country boy, and not once does he fail to convince. The little boy, David, is charming; it is not difficult to understand how he captivated everybody. The stage management throughout is excellent. The second act, which shows the garden in spring, is beautiful, and there is a real sense of play when the curtain goes up and we see Helena in the swing with David waiting for the cat to die. There is absolutely none of the theatrical unreality and mawkishness in this play that so often passes on the stage for grown-up association with children. The game of marbles that Dr. Lavender enjoys with David is a real game; we want to be in it ourselves. And Miss Anglin has never been more exquisite than when she begs for the forty kisses. Her love and tenderness seem to flow out around the child and envelope him. Kinsky's Hungarian Orchestra, the only Hungarian theater orchestra in New York, has been specially engaged for Miss Anglin's season at the Savoy Theater, and between acts really good music is beautifully played. Miss Anglin is to be congratulated upon the artistic success of the play, and she should have all the encouragement that can be given her, in order that she may continue under her own management.

ANNE PAGE.
New York, November 15.

GOSSIP FROM THE GOLDEN GATE

SAN FRANCISCO will not be entirely herself again until the Palace Hotel is once more open. This great event is to be celebrated December 15, with that blend of dignity and sumptuousness which befits the occasion and the institution. The Palace, undoubtedly, is San Francisco's greatest institution, for its fame is world-wide. In fact, for two generations, among the globe-trotters of all nations, there was no more famous hostelry in the world. It was the last roof-tree in what the white man presumes to call civilization before embarking for the different East, and the first house of welcome homeward bound. Even in the new building there is an appearance of an old-fashioned substantialness. With all the accommodation and luxury of twentieth century enlightenment and ingenuity, the new Palace does not, on the outside, at least, look like a modern building. Distinctively, it retains its old characteristics of dignity, squareness and solidity.

But, withal, in the days before the fire, although the Palace was the rendezvous of all important people, whether resident or transient, and the buzz of life was scintillant, there was a gloom and gravity about the place, until the electric lights shed their effulgence. The new Palace will not lack for light, and though the decorations are of subdued tints, there is no heaviness about them. The general color scheme is gray and gold, while old rose is introduced into many of the rooms. The main court is of the same dimensions as of yore, and once more will be the Mecca of all sorts and conditions of men and women, where politics and pleasure, merchandise and finance are discussed and planned.

If Southern California seriously aspires to a turn at the governorship, she would better trot out her candidate forthwith and groom him for the race. No one up here doubts that Governor Gillett is a candidate to succeed himself, and his popularity is greater than ever. A big and unusually enthusiastic banquet was given in the governor's honor last Saturday night at the Union League Club, and Gillett was introduced as "the best governor California has ever had." There certainly never was a more hardworking executive. Gillett's industry, indeed, has been such, and his care of office so zealous, that his intimates some

time ago were seriously concerned for his health. He is, however, in fine fettle just now, and has the satisfaction of realizing that the state's business is in excellent order. If Gillett should be re-elected, it will create a new precedent in California, but it is not a particularly worthy tradition that no governor has made us grateful enough to give him a second term.

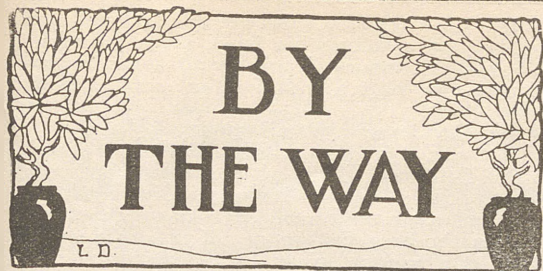
Mr. Heney has denied, with characteristic vehemence, that he has any intention of offering himself as a candidate for the attorney generalship. The idea mooted was that the control of the graft prosecution might be recaptured by Heney as attorney general. But in an interview in the Call he says: "Not on your life. They cannot make me the fall guy a second time. I do not care what the next district attorney's office does with the graft cases. It may dismiss them as fast as it likes. I would not lift my hand to attempt to set aside the verdict of the people given at the polls." Such a statement is frankly egotistic, and also somewhat contradictory. Before the election, Mr. Heney declared that anyone who would vote against him was a knave or a fool. Nobody believes that Heney will remain long in retirement, and there is gossip that he will be a candidate for governor next fall. The Democrats, however, are not likely to consider him seriously, and his mainstay probably would be the Lincoln-Roosevelt League, if that organization is revived for the campaign.

Meantime, William J. Burns, though still drawing \$650 a month from the municipal administration, has shaken the dust of San Francisco from off his feet. He left unhonored and unsung, save for a pathetic photograph published in the Bulletin, depicting his leave-taking from the leading members of "the Prosecution," each figure carefully posed for the camera. The spy system initiated by Burns proved peculiarly odious to this community, and had invaded the privacy of hundreds of homes. Of the thousands of talesmen summoned for jury duty in the graft cases in the last thirty months, few escaped the ordeal of "investigation" by Burns' minions. Moreover, Burns' methods of securing "evidence" through "poison-pouring" and "frame-ups" gained small respect in San Francisco. In view of the natural detestation of the spy, it was a signal error in tactics on the part of Heney's managers to make Burns so conspicuous in his campaign. Burns was permitted to keep himself constantly in the limelight by Heney's side on the platform, airing himself as an illiterate orator at every possible opportunity, and making a specialty of addressing women's meetings in private houses, at which he regaled his audiences with "inside information" of the tenderloin. His destination is said to be New York, which is large enough to hold him and remain unconscious of the operation.

Throughout the state the lamentations over the election of P. H. McCarthy have been general, but San Franciscans seem confident that the Jeremiahs will be disappointed. McCarthy has proved himself an organizer and administrator of unusual ability, for the Building Trades Council, over which he has presided for seven or eight years, is one of the strongest and most conservative labor organizations in the country. He is firm enough to be a martinet and adroit enough to be a politician. The labor unions look to McCarthy to redeem their good name; the business men have confidence that his administration will be conducted along sound business lines. Hence, San Francisco, sanguine and care-free, expects him to realize his campaign slogan of "Peace, Prosperity and Progress."

All the talk of making San Francisco "the Paris of America" is fatuous. The present administration was clothed with the mantle of civic righteousness, but never lifted a finger to restrain the license of the Barbary coast and the revels in other regions of the tenderloin. It is difficult to imagine how San Francisco could be more "wide open" than it has been any time in the last two years. But the "wide-openness" is restricted to a certain district, and no one need approach it in the ordinary course of business. Moreover, the approaches are advertised so glaringly that no member, even of the W. C. T. U., could mistake them. But is it not a little hard on McCarthy that his project to make San Francisco "the Paris of America" should be taken as synonymous with an undertaking to "tear things wide open"? It is still harder on Paris, the most beautiful city in Europe. If McCarthy gets to work and gives the city much-needed public buildings and restores the disheveled streets, San Francisco will be quite content with such Parisian embellishments.

R. H. C.
San Francisco, November 17.



Gold Brick That Failed

It is with a degree of reluctance that I record this true story of two prominent Los Angelans. First, I would not injure the feelings of either for the world, and, second, one of the duo is much larger than I am. However, facts are facts, and if the gold-brick man deliberately picked out M. H. Newmark, esteemed member of the Morgan-Newmark company, for an easy mark, that is no more my fault than was the fact that the same gamester tried it on W. P. Cunningham, also known to commercial fame. To particularize: Both live at the Lankershim Hotel, and burn with the fire of good government. Therefore, they accepted the responsibility of working for Alexander and the G. G. ticket in one of the toughest precincts of the city, primary day. Within a few minutes after activities began, the towering Cunningham approached Mr. Newmark and hissed: "Is there anything about me that suggests the innocent rural?"

Newmark also seemed to be on edge, mentally. "Say, Cunningham, do you observe any moss on my structure?" he demanded in return.

"I don't know what's troubling you, but I'm going to straighten out that brazen ward heeler right over there inside of a minute," was the reply. "He just offered me \$10 a day to go to work. I asked him what kind of work and he suggested that I go away from the polls and pile rock or do anything else that suited me."

Newmark laughed loud and long. "Cheer up, old man," said he, "the fellow tried the same game on me. I guess we both are rubes."

Needless to add, the two "straightened" out the wardster and put in telling licks for the Good Government ticket. Both say they will be on hand for gold bricks election day in the same precinct.

Living by His Wits

In my humble opinion strenuous measures should be taken to repress Len Behymer, on occasions, when his friends are off their guard. In addition to the million or more nerve-racking puns that impresario has sprung upon a helpless public, he has just come through with a new one, even more deadly than its predecessors. He was rambling down Fifth street, Wednesday, looking for a fresh victim. Guy Barham walked into the trap, little knowing the risk he was running.

"Hello, Len! What's doing now?" asked the innocent Guy.

"Oh, I have Eddie Foy here, and am engaging three more comedians," replied Be.

"How's the bread and butter coming?"

"Well, I'll tell you, Guy," confided Len, "I'm illustrating the fact that a man can live by his wits." Unluckily, or luckily, according to the viewpoint, there was not a policeman in sight.

San Pedro's Alexander Vote

It must have been considerable of a surprise to a lot of wisecracks when the returns in the recent primary came in from San Pedro. Scores of Los Angelans who never have visited the harbor town, except as they went through to and from Catalina, entertain the idea that San Pedro contains about all there is of municipal immorality, but when the harbor vote was counted, and it was found that George Alexander led in the majority contest, there was considerable surprise manifested, and not alone in the Smith and Mushet camps. As a matter of fact, George Alexander, always a past master in the art of political mechanics, undoubtedly knew what he was about when he insisted a few weeks ago that the city of Los Angeles must keep its pledge, made before consolidation had become a fact, that harbor improvements shall be among the first promises to be kept. In delivering his public message to the city council along that particular line he did not injure his chances in San Pedro. Nor did it hurt him, politically, that his police administration had cleaned up the harbor section more thoroughly than it had ever before been done. They in Los Angeles who were convinced that Luke Kelly would resent that cleansing were mistaken in part only. For, while Kelly and his following undoubtedly did what they could to keep down the Alexander vote in San Pedro, it should not be forgotten that a majority of the voters in the

harbor suburb really are not, and never have been, enamored of former municipal conditions there. Apparently, all that they wanted was an opportunity to change things, having secured which they lost no time in availing themselves of it.

Justice of the Claim

From Washington it is hinted that the object of the Imperial trip made by Senator Carter and his associates really is to report favorably upon what is known as the Harriman claim for upward of a million dollars, which President Roosevelt gave assurance was to be paid promptly. The money, however, has not yet been allowed, apparently because a corporation is the claimant, and for no other reason. The absolute justice of the claim never has been denied. Los Angeles has a deep interest in the subject, for, when Mr. Harriman was in the city, less than a year ago, he promised the Chamber of Commerce that as soon as the cash is paid over to the Southern Pacific, the proceeds shall be applied toward the erection and the equipment of a new union depot here.

Senator Flint in Lemon Rate Case

From Washington a correspondent writes me that when the anti-lemon rate injunction is heard in the federal courts, the government will be represented by special counsel, and, in addition, United States Senator Flint will appear in the case. The senator will represent the plaintiffs in the proceedings, it is stated.

Express to Go to Hill Street

Hill street, from Sixth street south, soon will take on additional metropolitan airs. The Evening Express, I learn, is about to forsake its present anchorage, its owner having recently acquired a lot in the district named, where a new building is to be erected by Mr. Earl for the housing of his newspaper. The plans already made provide for a three-story structure, such as that at present owned by the Express on Fifth street, between Spring and Broadway. To take the place of its present home, the Express owner will erect a business block that is to be in keeping with the big sky scraper that is to go up on the corner of Broadway and Fifth. I hear, too, that the Times, also, may build a new home on South Hill street, within a stone's throw of the new Express building. The building at First and Spring, however, is to be retained indefinitely, as part of the Times-Otis-Chandler estate.

Apropos "The Melting Pot"

Israel Zangwill's "Melting Pot" was under discussion when attention was called to the fact that in the present municipal campaign Jewish citizens of prominence have been taking their share of responsibility in matters political. In the Good Government Organization, the head and front is Meyer Lissner, while in the Mushet campaign the chairman of the executive committee has been M. H. Newmark. In the Smith end of the argument, in the front rank, has been Colonel George Black. In all of M. F. Snyder's campaigns, the chairman of the Democratic city central committee was Dr. D. W. Edelman.

Inconsistencies of the Campaign

In an analysis of the vote cast at the recent primary election, I am wondering whether or not the 7,000-odd Los Angeles electors, who favored W. C. Mushet for mayor, were aware that in voting also for the non-partisan school board nominees they were slightly inconsistent. Yet it is pretty generally conceded that but for the fact that he permitted himself to be used by the Times in an unrighteous cause, Mr. Mushet would have led his rump Republican opponent by a large majority in the preliminary vote cast last week. Mr. Mushet, it is stated by those in a position to know, had the Times' absolute promise of support in the primary fight. But, as was the case three years ago, when Lee C. Gates was promised similar assistance, the Times failed to keep its pledge, and supported the aspirant who, at the 1906 election, turned tail against the regular Republican nominee for mayor.

Taft as a Precedent

I wonder why it is that the Express, contesting as earnestly as it does for the principle of the direct primary, does not flaunt the Taft record before its principal newspaper opponent. If memory is not at fault, it was William Howard Taft, then Roosevelt's war secretary, upon a somewhat memorable occasion, a few years ago, who made a special trip to Cincinnati, then, as now, the president's home city, and delivered a political address, in which he advised all good Republicans, in order to smash the Cox machine, to vote the Democratic municipal ticket. As a result of that speech Boss Cox was routed, horse,

foot and dragoons, that year. It was President Roosevelt who urged Mr. Taft to deliver that notable speech. If, as the Times contends, good Republicans must stand by the party machine, in local affairs, in and out of season, or else lose their identity as Taft men, then the President himself has been at outs, politically, with himself, for several years.

Evidences of a Metropolis

One of the most striking illustrations of the increase of population in Los Angeles is forcibly presented to every citizen daily, although it fails to impress the thoughtless. The fact was brought home to me recently when John T. Gaffey, who is said to know as many people in the city and Southern California as Frank Wiggins, remarked: "We are getting to be a metropolitan city. Until the last two years, I could not walk down one of our thoroughfares without recognizing and speaking to at least three in every five persons. Today I walked from the Alexandria to Second street and knew but three men in the crowd I met." The commuter is recognizing similar conditions. Upon the car of one's home line, both morning and evening, most of the passengers are strangers, whereas, formerly, the majority were known neighbors and friends. Thus is Greater Los Angeles creeping upon us, almost unawares.

Home Telephone and Postal Next

Western Union and Bell Telephone interests having amalgamated, certain Los Angeles interests that control the Home Telephone of this and other cities profess to be convinced that a similar merger soon will be under way of their company and the Postal telegraph system. That is to say, they intimate that both of the big telegraph corporations are to act jointly in the matter of consolidation of the several means for electric sound transmission, leaving the wireless people for the present out of it. Such a move will mean a great deal to local owners of Home Telephone securities, who are interested to the extent of several million dollars.

Here's an Electric Dream

From Boston drifts a story to the effect that after the Postal has absorbed the several independent telephone interests throughout the United States, that corporation and the Western Union, the latter having already been swallowed by the Bell interests, will combine into a single concern, with a capital that may be double that of the United States Street Trust, or about two billion dollars. Where there exists a pooling agreement among the interests that were responsible for the Home Telephone Company not to turn that enterprise over to the Bell people, the proposed absorption by the Postal can be accomplished without harm to the trust, either legally or otherwise. Then, too, the agreement will be dissolved by limitation within a comparatively short time.

Referendum Vote on Rates

At the coming municipal election the people will vote upon the referendum as to whether or not the Home rates shall be similar to those charged by the Sunset. It will be recalled that the city council last spring ordered this proposed equalization, and before the new conditions could be made effective, a newspaper agitation had secured a sufficient number of signers to a petition forcing the issue to be voted upon at the December election. The outcome of that vote will be watched with considerable interest, especially as the matter must be again adjusted, by charter provision, late in February. That is, unless the proposed public utility commission is approved next month.

Gillett to Accompany Local Excursion Party

More than a hundred members of the Los Angeles stock exchange and others interested will leave this city Thanksgiving evening for a trip of inspection through the Coalinga and other Bakersfield oil fields. As it has been intimated that Governor Gillett is to be a guest of the Chamber of Mines on that occasion, the fact would appear to be an intimation that the political campaign of 1910 is nearly ready to be launched.

Ribald Humorists Contemplate Sacrilege

Rumors have reached my ears to the effect that our honorable municipal band commission is to be subjected to the humility of stage attention. This would be all right, but, owing to the names of the participants, I have grave fears regarding the solemnity of the reported production. In the story which has reached me it was alleged that the humorists of the Gamut Club are to put on the play and this, in itself, is sufficient for a public

warning. I can imagine one of these ribald comedians causing our revered Paul de Longpre to appear in duplicate, for the purpose of singing one of his original productions, probably misrepresented as, "Meet Me When the Squash Buds Bloom Again." What a reward for the man who first attempted to incite a cold-blooded council to establish the band! Then, what will happen to the distinguished and imposing Charles Farwell Edson, senior member of the commission, or grave and reverend Harley Hamilton, leader of the silvery band itself? I can hardly contemplate this thing without a shudder.

Roy Jones' Mayoralty Campaign

Roy Jones, son of the well-known senator, a Harvard man, cultivated, handsome, optimistic and almost as good a story teller as his distinguished sire, is a candidate for mayor of Santa Monica. My private information is that until the campaign developed into a series of public debates between the several mayoralty candidates, Roy's stock was low, a rich man's son, for reasons unknown, being regarded as persona non grata among the rank-and-file Santa Monicans. But a change has come over the spirit of their dreams since the voters have learned to know and appreciate the ready wit, the charming bonhomie, the imperturbable good nature of the senator's accomplished son. To say that Roy has captured the fancy of the majority is, I think, not an extravagant statement. His repartee, his rational point of view in civic affairs, his high standards and democratic ways are great assets in his candidacy. As a sample of his clever retorts, when under fire, I think the following offers a characteristic instance. One of the rival candidates is pledged to turn the mayor's salary back into the treasury if elected, and his following is using this argument as if it were the last word necessary to insure his selection. In a debate the other night, a man in the audience asked Mr. Jones whether he would do as much if elected. Roy paused a moment and then said he thought the question hardly a fair one. "You know the salary is no object to me," he replied. "I do not need it. But let me give you my honest opinion of this proposition. I think it is a decided mistake to say, as you will if you elect the man who offers to donate the salary attaching, that the poor man is debarred from running for office in Santa Monica." The hall rang with approval of this sentiment, and the stock of the over-liberal candidate has dropped to zero since. I hope to see my brilliant fellow member of the University Club inducted into office. It will be a glad day for Santa Monica.

Arthur Hay on the Gridiron

That Arthur Hay should be at loggerheads with the American Federation of Labor, whose national council is in session in Toronto, Canada, will cause something of a surprise in Los Angeles, where Hay has been in charge of the futile fight against the Times for a number of years. He really represents the International Typographical Union, which organization is likely to resent the attack upon its agent. Hay's work in Los Angeles has not been productive of definite results, although, doubtless, he has done as well as anyone could. As a matter of fact, the labor fight against the Times has not been taken seriously in Los Angeles for more than a decade, and the large fund annually expended by those in charge of the campaign would each year keep a lot of poor folk in wood and coal. The sooner this is realized in I. T. U. quarters, the better for all concerned.

Accumulating a Hall of Fame

Oil men will remember Chester Brown, who drilled in the local field many years ago. He has just returned from South America, a mining and rubber magnate. For fifteen years Mr. Brown has been superintendent of the famous Inca mines, located in the high Andes of Peru. While there he acquired a million acres or so of rubber plantation for himself and mining associates, and now is threatened with membership in the "multi" class. Mr. Brown indulged in a little romance, despite his arduous duties, in a height where atmosphere is rather scarce. On a flying visit to Los Angeles, several years ago, he courted and married Miss Helen Louis of South Union avenue, taking her back to Peru. She returned, and now the two have a beautiful bungalow home at Union avenue and Rockwood street, where two youngsters make life the more worth living. In order to preserve the atmosphere of his South American life, Mr. Brown has adopted a cannibal youth, and is educating him here. Mrs. Brown brought an Indian girl for the household, a wonderful collection of shawls, hand-beaten silverware and a parrot whose flow of remarks would cause an interpreter to cover his ears and flee in

horror. If negotiations, now in progress, are successful, Mr. and Mrs. Brown will make their future home in Los Angeles.

Berkeleyites Hoarse But Happy

I met Carrol Stilson on the street Wednesday. Leaning over, in a hoarse whisper, he said, "Glorious victory, wasn't it?" I allowed that it was, and that Smith hadn't the ghost of a show. "O, bah!" he retorted in below-zero tones, "I was referring to the football game last Saturday, when Berkeley put it over Stanford." I apologized and grinned feebly, my sympathies lying Palo Alto-ward. Later in the day I ran across Gurney Newlin, Sam Haskins, Charley Seyler and Carlton Burke, also hoarse, but happy. All five had been north, rooting for Berkeley, and not one had made expenses, although the odds were ten to eight in favor of Stanford. Well, Stanford could afford to lose. The best that Berkeley has done in the last seven years is a tie, until Saturday's victory.

John Byrne Goes to Tahiti

One of the most popular as well as industrious railroad officials on the coast is John J. Byrne, assistant general passenger and traffic manager of the Santa Fe lines. John's physical system has been troubling him of late, and a Chicago physician, whom he consulted when a severe headache attacked him on his recent business trip east, suggested a complete rest and change of climate for a few weeks. His chief, General Manager Wells, thought it an excellent idea, and, as a result, today Mr. and Mrs. Byrne leave for San Francisco, whence they sail Monday noon on the S.S. Mariposa for a month's voyage to Tahiti and back. This trip will prove the consummation of a long-cherished desire on the part of Mr. Byrne, who has been deeply interested in South Sea literature since, as a lad, he read Herman Melville's spirited yarns of "Moby Dick," "Typee" and "Omoo." Yesterday, Louis F. Vetter gave a farewell luncheon to his beloved fellow Sunsetter at the California Club, at which were bidden Henry O'Melveny, Joe Scott, James Slauson, J. Bond Francisco, John E. Fishburn, George S. Patton and myself, all of the Sunset family. It was a happy occasion. The guest of honor never was wittier, the host never happier and the assistant guests never more responsive. Bon voyage and a safe return to Mr. Byrne and his charming and accomplished wife.

Personnel of the Cactus Club

When the great and near-great visit Los Angeles in the future, they will receive a welcome from a mutual newspaper organization, if they are entitled to such dignified honors. The Cactus Club is the latest. It is not a press club in any sense of the word, but members of a table at the Gamut Club, segregated for mutual fraternizing. The first meeting, to be of informal character, will be called soon in order to discuss the rules to apply to the Cactus table at regular and special dinners. The list already is a strong one. It is as follows: Max Ihmsen, general manager Examiner; Harley W. Brundige, manager editor Express; Frank Wolfe, managing editor Herald; Charles Edward Graham, editorial writer Examiner; "Willie" Wing, writer and professional humorist; Winfield Hogaboom, Associated Press; Len Behymer, press agent for L. Behymer; Sidle Lawrence, press agent Morosco theaters; Lem Parton, city editor Herald; Douglas White, advertising manager Salt Lake road; Jay Ham Cline, press agent Orpheum, and the editor of The Graphic. Several additional memberships are "on the gridiron." When the list is completed, a yell will be adopted, guaranteed to strike terror to the hearts of the toughest football aggregation extant.

Ramon Corral's American Friendships

According to an occasional City of Mexico correspondent, Ramon Corral, who is almost as well known in Los Angeles as he is throughout Sonora, is to be the real ruler of the southern republic soon after the approaching election across the border. Corral, now vice-president, and for whom that particular position was created by Mexican constitutional provision, is an aspirant for another term. He has no apparent opposition, since the redoubtable General Reyes' recent banishment to Europe. Less than twelve years ago he was a journalist in Sonora. His pen enabled him to win his way to fame and fortune in a comparatively short time. And the higher he mounted, the more assiduously he cultivated Americans, who began to pour into Sonora, looking for copper and other rich mineral deposits. Ramon Corral has made American money safe in Mexico, and while he may not be any too popular with his own countrymen, he certainly stands well with the Gringos who have Mexican invest-

ments. Colonel W. C. Greene and Colonel Epes Randolph are among his most ardent admirers, and in Los Angeles Senor Corral has a host of friends, who hope for his political success.

Dining the German War Eagles

That was a joyous occasion, Wednesday night at the California Club, when the German naval officers of His Imperial Majesty's Cruiser Arcona stretched their uniformed legs under the round table in the breakfast room, off the main dining room, at a banquet given by the reception committee of the Chamber of Commerce. In addition to the executive officers of the club, President Percy Wilson, Vice-President H. R. Boynton, Secretary Gurney Newlin and Directors Philip Forve and James Cuzner, there were present Dr. Joseph Kurtz, A. H. Koebig, W. G. Kerckhoff, Fred A. Walton, Oscar C. Mueller, H. G. Krohn, T. E. Gibbon, Walter F. Haas, Randolph H. Miner, Robert Wankowski, J. O. Koepfli, James Slauson, S. F. Zombro, Major E. F. C. Klokke, Dr. W. A. Weldon, Joseph Scott, Mayor George Alexander, Capt. Stanton, Gen. Adna R. Chaffee and Frank Wiggins. With A. H. Koebig as toastmaster, Oscar Mueller responding to the toast, "The German Emperor," Dr. Joe Kurtz in an impromptu address, Joe Scott waking the rafters in one of his ringing talks, Tom Gibbon doing a suave and polished stunt, and Jim Slauson dealing out good wishes in his characteristically happy manner, the spirit of the evening may be readily conceived. At—well, never mind the time—Captain Schroeder was seen swearing eternal friendship to Phil Forve, with Lieut-Commander Albrecht and Dr. Kurtz debating the relative merits of the fatherland and the United States. I regret that I have not the data which this interesting comparison furnished.

Strap-Hangers May Look for Surcease

While Los Angeles is acknowledged to have the best street railway system in the country, it is a fact that a number of the local lines are in sad predicaments as regards time schedules, especially in the morning and evening rushes. One of these, according to Banker Marco H. Hellman and many others who have signed a protest, is the Melrose avenue line. It would seem to the unthinking layman that the great Huntington corporation, advised as it is regarding the increase of local and suburban patronage, should be able to prepare in advance for the care and comfort of its patrons, but the growth is so rapid, that these unusual conditions seem to be impossible to avoid. I am sure that the trick of standing on one's neighbor's toes out Melrose avenue way soon will be a lost art, for, having had its attention called to this gymnastic feat, so to speak, the street railway will quickly apply a remedy.

Police Department Under Criticism

With another brazenly brutal murder in one of the city's most popular and thickly settled residence districts, and the perpetrator still at large, the police department, naturally, is under strong criticism. While the quota of policemen continues to increase, and the detective force now is larger than ever before, it would appear that just when the department is most expected to prove its real worth it falls disappointingly short. The horrible Poltera murder remains unsolved, and several other serious crimes, whose ferocious brutality shocked the community at the time, have not been brought home to the guilty ones. True, the Poltera case was outside the city limits, but it was so close that the police department owed it to itself to take active steps to trace the criminal. I still think Chief Dishman should be given the fifty additional patrolmen he asked for last summer.

Children's Pictures in Characteristic Attitudes Carbons, Platinotypes, Etchings

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ON THE REVIEWER'S TABLE



In her introduction of private papers and gossip, written con amore by men and women of the early days of Boston town, to "Old Boston Days and Ways" Mary Caroline Crawford has added an agreeably racy flavor to the recital of the stirring events of that critical period succeeding the passage of the Stamp Act to the assumption of the proud, though less picturesque, honors of municipality by the "hub of the universe." Nor has she suffered the historical accuracy of the tale to be lessened in her use of attractive material to popularize her subject. With the bare, dry bones of facts attending the struggle for independence, most Americans are familiar. Patriotism keeps millions of candles burning daily to grave, ghostly figures in wigs and knee breeches, and to the scenes of their noteworthy deeds, and sentiment sends up its sweet incense to vague memories of beautiful, spirited dames in quaint gowns and high-heeled slippers, yet their voices sound hollow and unnatural, for the most part. But there is a cheery ring to the friendly jesting of John Andrews in 1774, characteristic of other piquant views expressed on a serious situation:

One more anecdote, Bill, and I'll close this barren day. When the Fifty-ninth regiment came from Salem and were drawn up on each side of the Neck, a remarkably tall countryman, near eight feet high, strutting between 'em at the head of his wagon, looking very sly and contemptuously on one side and t'other; which attracted the notice of the whole regiment. "Ay, ay," says he, "you don't know what boys we have got in the country. I am near nine feet high and one of the smallest among 'em."

And more like unto this, that sounds human enough. Miss Crawford breathes upon her figures and, lo, they warm and become as flesh and blood. Most conspicuous in the life-like group looms the picturesque "King" Hancock, first governor of Massachusetts. Rich, handsome, magnetic (though somewhat dictatorial), he presents a striking figure. His vigorous, if unconventional wooing of contrary Dorothy Q. is but the beginning of a romantic career, the like of which few men have yet lived. A hero in love, war and finance, he is not equaled even by his homely, unattractive companion in power, Samuel Adams. The social doings of Hancock's "reign" consume many pages of vivacious comment that is compelling in vividness and sprightliness. Particularly so are Brissot's, Marquis de Chastellux's and Abbe Robin's unreserved observations. It was the latter who said:

Church is the grand theater where American ladies attend to display their extravagance and finery. The hair of the head is raised and supported to an extravagant height, somewhat resembling the manner in which the French ladies wore their hair some years ago.

But Brissot waxes most enthusiastic over things American and gallantly defends the gentle fair of these shores. It would be interesting to quote from his report to French newspapers of the day, did not space preclude. In the first days of the republic, the names of Major Shaw, consul to China, and Frederick Tudor, forerunner of Armour—in other words, an importer of ice—presage the business era, while retaining the traditions of Revolutionary times.

But it is particularly in the chapters on things literary, artistic, musical and dramatic that those most potent factors of the public temper, past and present, are briefly reviewed. While the masses were fighting, Washington and the leaders of the army planning epoch-making maneuvers, statesmen waging the echoes for all time, another group of artisans was contributing to the greatness of Boston. Copley was immortalizing lovely women, and his own name, with the brush; Dr. Jeffries was seeking to fly through the air; Phillis Wheatley, the colored slave woman, was astonishing the world with her poetical genius; Mercy Warren was satirizing upon various matters and preserving records of history; a host of editorial pioneers—Willis, Russell, Tudor, now famous—were laboring for higher literary standards, and standing back of the fiery patriots at the risk of heads and properties; Payne was coining his life blood for a few sordid dol-

lars into theatrical manuscript and capturing the world's heart with "Home, Sweet Home;" Oliver was harmonizing "Coronation;" Billings was writing martial airs and establishing American musical foundations, while of thespians, Harper, Mrs. Rowson, Wallack, Kemble, the Poes, Edmund Kean, were developing and delighting the public taste for the mimic world behind the footlights.

What a wealth of material for enchanting stories over which to linger, and of which much has been made. Queer, confusing Boston has many shrines, indeed. ("Old Boston Days and Ways." By Mary Caroline Crawford. Little, Brown & Co.)

"The Wistful Years"

As might be expected, "The Wistful Years" is a purely sentimental tale of the happily uneventful interim in the lives of two young creatures, from the dawn of love to the nuptial day—a pastorate, as it were, piped in low, yearning cadence of Roy Rolfe Gilson. It is an old, old theme, without the modern trimmings of misunderstandings, trials and complex emotions deemed necessary to the real tender passion. In fact, there is a feeling that the book might have been condensed to the limits of a rather good short story, though there are touches of delicate beauty of thought and diction, that, were they sustained, would warrant the more pretentious length. But "common" events of life require more art than that which is novel. The "love letters" of Margaret, the village pastor's daughter, and of David are the strong features of the narrative, both from a literary and a human interest point of view, since they lend the hint of color that brightens the gray tint of the prose poem fabric. Such letters have been written. ("The Wistful Years." By Roy Rolfe Gilson. The Baker & Taylor Co.)

"Land of Long Ago"

What memories and pictures of other days are recalled by the "Land of Long Ago." Old friends, old associations, and the good times they seem to have had in those days! Eliza Calvert Hall bids fair to rival those other charming writers, Charles Egbert Craddock and Martha McCulloch-Williams, in painting southern life. This latest effort from her pen is a series of reminiscences of half a century ago by Aunt Jane, of whom she wrote in a previous volume; the whole forming a connected and interesting story. There are veins of humor, as well as pathos, through the narrative. Where other authors have caricatured old-time country folk, this writer has caught the real life, spirit and charm of those old worthies, and shows how earnest were their lives. Among the stories are: "The House That Was a Wedding Fee," in which is shown the strict religious ideas of the good old Presbyterian minister; "The Courtship of Miss Amarillis," who was "prettier than women nowadays;" "Watchnight Meeting," when the preacher's son stopped the clock, and they were an hour into the new year before they discovered it. There are eight half-tone illustrations, besides chapter headings, depicting the scoop bonnet, curls and full skirts. ("The Land of Long Ago." By Eliza Calvert Hall. Little, Brown & Co.)

"Virginia of the Air Lanes"

One is puzzled as to what particular brand of hasheesh Herbert Quick indulges in, after a reading of his book, "Virginia of the Air Lanes." The plot is incoherent and lacks even a semblance of plausibility. It needs the genius of a Jules Verne to make a hyperbolic tale of this caliber readable, and Herbert Quick does not possess the art. He has a knack of tangling the thread of his story into a hard knot, then instead of smoothing the skein, he simply lashes out the snarl and begins all over again, never pausing to rescue his air-ship hero and heroine from uncomfortable situations. Of course, a reader likes to have something left to his imagination, but it is too great a strain to solve all the problems with which Mr. Quick confronts his helpless perusers. If there must be wild flights of imagination in modern fiction, one prays that they may be cleverly written, at least. ("Virginia of the Air Lanes." By Herbert Quick. Bobbs-Merrill.)

Tickets are on sale at the Behymer ticket office for Dr. Ludwig Wullner, who will open his Pacific coast tour in this city in December.

The Lords of High Decision

BY MEREDITH NICHOLSON

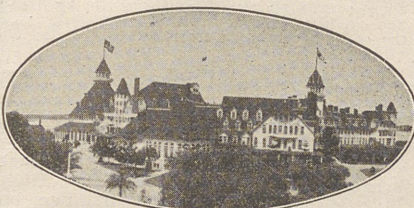
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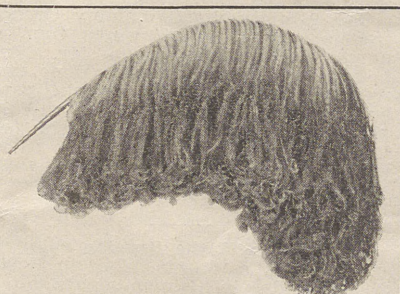


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NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR.

U. S. Land Office at

Los Angeles, Cal., November 2, 1909.

Notice is hereby given that William Hopkins Wylie, of Santa Monica, who, on February 1st, 1908, made homestead entry No. 11587, Serial No. 64114, for E. ¼ of the S.W. ¼ and Lots 6 and 7, section 19, township 1 South, range 16 West, S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final commutation proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Register and Receiver at Los Angeles, Cal., on the 6th day of December, 1909.

Claimant names as witnesses: Daniel E. Fletcher, of Santa Monica; Frank Machado, of Santa Monica; William H. Shirley, of 303 E. Jefferson street, Los Angeles; Herman Knorr, of 2025 West Lake street, Los Angeles.

FRANK C. PRESCOTT, Register.

Date of first publication, Nov. 6, 1909. 5t

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By Blanche Rogers Lott

Eighty-one years yesterday, November 19, have passed since Franz Schubert left this world, and one can truly say he is growing in popularity each year. His unfinished symphony, so beautifully played last spring by the combined orchestras, the Symphony and Woman's orchestras, will be remembered a long time. Last Monday afternoon, at the program rendered at the Ebell Club, Miss Goetz gave a group of songs by Schubert. As it was impossible for me to attend, I know not if any mention was made of the nearness of the anniversary. The program entire, Mr. Reginald Deming, pianist; Miss Goetz, contralto, and Miss Orcutt, accompanist, was as follows:

Piano: Prælude op. 10, Scottish Tone Poem, Shadow Dance (Machowely); songs: "Morning Hymn" (Hensche), "I Dreamed of a Princess" (Hadley), "The Nightingale" (Stephens), "Ma Voisine" (Thomas), "Gute Nacht" (Schubert); piano: "The Wind" (Alkan); folk songs: "Shepherd Song" (Norwegian), "The Song of the River God" (Swedish), "Coolin'" (Old Irish), "My Brown Boy" (Hungarian), Spanish Song.

Messrs. Koopman, violinist and cellist, proved themselves a valuable addition to the musical settlement in Los Angeles by their concert Thursday evening of last week, at the Gamut Club. Their many years' experience in one of the great orchestras of the world (Richter's, of London), and a mature insight into chamber music, will give them a place of their own here. They make no pretense in virtuosos lines, but are capable artists of sterling worth, and are needed in this growing city.

"What are the most valuable musical organizations for educational purposes?" Carl Pohlig, leader of the Philadelphia Orchestra, was asked the other day. "I would rank them," said he, "in the following order: First, chamber music; second, orchestral; third, concerts and operatic performances. The most absolute and the purest of music is found in music of the old masters, written for quartets. Four gift artists can come vastly nearer perfection than a hundred gifted artists. You will find real musicians always seeking the quartet. As the number of artists multiplies, the difficulty in reaching perfection multiplies. This fact accounts for the ambition some men have to become great leaders. It means the accomplishment of a very great and a very difficult task."

Such a recital as one frequently hears in private homes in the larger cities, London, New York and the like, was given by Miss Helen Tappe, soprano, at the residence of Mrs. George J. Birkel, Tuesday evening. Professional in every sense of the world, yet in an atmosphere of artistic surroundings, this recital of a gifted young Los Angeles girl was a huge success. Miss Tappe is a "home product," having been a diligent pupil of Madam Jenny Kempton for several years, and her work surpassed that of many a new arrival from foreign shores. Her program consisted of Italian, French, German and English songs, beginning with "The Loreley" (Liszt), and closing with a group of splendid songs in English. Miss Tappe's voice is a clear, true soprano of pleasing quality, and she possesses a decided talent and discernment in interpretation. As a capable pianist she accompanied several of her songs with fine effect.

Mme Jomelli and Miss Nichols, assisted by Mrs. Lott, pianist, appear at Claremont College tonight (Saturday), and San Diego, Monday following. Mme. Jomelli then goes to Denver for the "Messiah," and Miss Nichols returns east.

The American Music Society concert, which takes place December 2, is being planned with much care by the committee in charge, and many representative American composers will be presented by leading local artists: the Lyric Club, the Dominant Club Ladies' Quartet, Miss Alice Coleman, pianist; Mrs. Bertha Vaughn, soprano; Edwin

House, baritone; Ernest Douglass, organist, and chamber music by Arnold Krauss, Mrs. Harry Clifford Lott and Ludwig Opid.

Edward R. Stower, pianist, Arnold Krauss, violinist, and Roland Paul, tenor, members of the faculty of the Orton School of Pasadena, gave the following program there last Monday evening:

Piano: Concert Etude (Rachmaninoff); tenor, Aria "Celeste Aida" (Verdi); violin: Second Concerto (Wiennawski); piano: Finland Legend (Sibelius), Romance (Seeling); tenor, Herbst (Haile), Bouzous luzon (Cassard), Life (Ronal).

Mrs. Bertha Hirsch Baruch's lecture on the "Ministry of Music," Tuesday, November 23, is a consideration of the influence of music from the earliest history to modern times from a philosophical and poetic point of view. Illustrative of Mrs. Baruch's ideas, Mrs. Bertha Vaughn, soprano, and William Edson Strobbridge, pianist, will give the following program:

Songs: Chants, Hebrew, Gregorian: Aria from Caran (Bizet); piano: Romanza (Schumann); songs: Morning Hymn (Hensche), L'Heure Exquise (Hahn), Die Allmacht (Schubert), Slumber Song (words by Mrs. Baruch, music by Henry Schoenfeld); piano: Nocturne (Chopin), "The Cry of Rachel (Mary Turner Salter), "Heinweld" (Hugo Wolf).

George Hamlin, the American tenor, and one of the first American singers to win deserved recognition in Germany, will sing in Los Angeles, Tuesday evening, November 30. One eastern critic aptly says that George Hamlin's specialty is a just balance between musical and poetic values, and this means much in the rendering of a program such as Hamlin gives the public. It is a pity that the date of his concert comes on the evening of the Ellis Club rehearsal, for the members of that fine body of singers would get keen enjoyment and benefit from a singer like Hamlin. Edwin Schneider, the brilliant young composer, will act as Mr. Hamlin's accompanist.

An autographed copy of Carl Reinecke's new organ sonata has arrived, and shows the venerable composer to be still decidedly in the land of the living, for this sonata is rich in coloring, sturdy in construction, with a lovely lento movement between the first and allegro serioso and allegro finale. This last movement uses a chorale theme to great advantage, closing with majesty. May the grand old man, who has helped so many of the latter-day famous artists on to success, and who was the tried friend of Mendelssohn, Schumann and other great men, live on and on.

The Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra has added to its ranks fourteen new members this season, Mr. Oberhoffer, the conductor having done some weeding, strengthening certain parts, and making such changes as will improve the balance and general tone quality. This is an absolutely necessary duty in every comparatively young orchestra, and means sure improvement.

Rachmaninoff, the Russian composer and pianist, made his debut in Boston the other day in his own sonata, op. 28, and Chopin's Variations on a Theme, op. 22, and six preludes. A pupil of Tschaiakowsky, Rachmaninoff leans decidedly to the old school, according to his own say-so. Memorial services were held quite generally in Russia for Tschaiakowsky, who died October 25, sixteen years ago.

Violinists should know that Erick J. Wolff, Germany's tremendously clever young composer, has written a concerto for violin which Petschnikoff played October 28 in Berlin. Personally, I am of the opinion that there has never been such accompanying done for many a day as this clever young fellow has done in Germany and in London, and that his songs rank far ahead of many by the more famous composers. Mme. Jomelli tells me she has fifty of his songs that are wonderful lieder, and she hopes to introduce him and his songs to America another season. His violin concerts should prove a god-send to violinists. Christian Sinding's new sonata for violin and piano (in old style), op. 99, may be of interest.

Busoni, who is on tour in this country this year, has written a concerto for piano, orchestra and male chorus. Surely, a gigantic brain thought it out, and an interesting description of the work may be found in a recent Musical

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Courier. It was given at the Newcastle Music Festival, England, the composer at the piano.

Another Los Angeles boy has been admitted to Sevcik's limited class. The great master will have a fine opinion of California-American violin teachers. This time, a pupil of Arnold Krauss, John Mulieri, is the lucky chap. His cousin, De Nubila, is one of the class also.

Anton Rubinstein's widow has just died in Rome, where she has lived since her illustrious husband passed away.

Bearing a snap-shot of Leschetitzky, comes a postcard from Gertrude Cohen, who is studying with the great teacher. Gertrude herself and three other students arrived this week. The famous master looks as if he would add many more years to his eighty.

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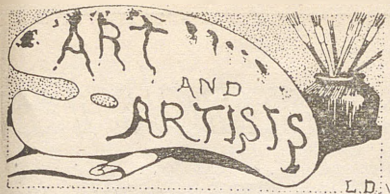
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Freshness and originality are to be noted in the canvases of Mr. Jack Gage Stark, who is now exhibiting at Blanchard Hall. This is Mr. Stark's first showing in Los Angeles, and it is to be sincerely hoped that it will not be his last, for his work gives evidence of great merit. In these pictures the principles of impressionism are tempered by personality and flexibility, applied to the needs of each particular canvas in a manner that proves Mr. Stark has complete control of his medium. In this exhibit it is apparent that the artist has hung his pictures with a view to logical sequence in the development of his art. Thus, in "The Pagan Mask," one sees Mr. Stark's earlier ideas of painting. This style, although fascinatingly clever in its exquisite drawing and wonderful brush work, evidently has been abandoned as offering an inadequate medium of expression of his view of nature. The coloring is the conventional brown, and the effect as a whole is more or less reminiscent of Japanese lacquer. Next in order is "Fields of Cheseey," showing a small village in the department of Seine et Marne, nestling in a hollow, surrounded by vineyards and hills. Here, for the first time, one notices broken color. It is not, however, painted in the spot method discernible in his next picture, "Trees of Cheseey." Here is perhaps the most beautiful canvas in the room. It is a charming harmony in brown and gold, showing a cluster of trees on the banks of the river Marne, the deep shadows cast over the water making a wonderfully decorative design. This picture is an excellent study for the student, as he will at once realize how impossible it is in impressionistic painting to gain effects by chance strokes of the brush. Every stroke is carefully thought out by the painter before being placed on the canvas, and the slightest mistake in a value will at once throw the whole picture out of tone.

His "Malaga," painted in 1907, when Mr. Stark was in Spain, is a composition that Monet might not have been ashamed to sign. It is apparent that the artist must have been at this time greatly under the influence of the French school of impressionists. The colors are perfectly harmonious, and the sense of depth given to the canyon that intervenes between the observer and the hills is rendered with a truth that is so often lacking in the work of less skillful artists. "New Mexico" is an example of wonderful drawing in aerial perspective, in other words, values. The idea of distance shown in the various ranges of hills is superb. The coloring is fresh and brilliant, and to one who has not been sufficiently educated to understand the painter's later pictures, it has most of the charm of the extremely daring coloring of his latest designs, and the more conventional drawing in form of the conservative painters. However, to those who can appreciate the most perfect harmonies in the most brilliant of colors, "Chloride Hills" will certainly appeal. In this and the one entitled "Yuccas," appear the ideas that the artist has now attained.

His tour de force having that coloring of night, for which Whistler strived so long to attain and never quite reached, is an old Mexican church, with two peons walking in the foreground, wrapped in their serapes. To say that you can see them walking is not an extravagant figure. You seem to see the serapes swaying as they gaily chatter in their trudge homeward. The entire building seems draped in atmosphere. It appears almost possible to walk around the picture. Here, at last, is the color and atmosphere of night. Besides the works mentioned several small panels are shown, all full of that charm and entrancing light seen to such advantage in the larger canvases. Mr. Stark, although practically unknown in Los Angeles, has a reputation in Europe, and especially in France, that is assured. He has exhibited in most of the large cities of that continent, including Paris, Vienna, Munich, Buda-Pesth and Venice. He has been

a constant contributor to the Paris autumnal salon, and to the Viennese galleries.

The second annual exhibition of the work of representative oil painters of Southern California is now being held at the Blanchard Gallery. The exhibition opened last Tuesday evening with a reception, and will continue until Saturday, December 4. Altogether, thirty-three canvases are shown, including landscapes, figures and portraits. Mr. Rob Wagner shows three portraits, of which a three-quarters length of Mrs. Justin Moran is perhaps the most interesting. Rear-Admiral Bowman H. McCalla, U. S. N., (retired), is seen standing on the quarter-deck of his ship with an impression of the ocean behind him. The flesh tones in this canvas are bright and fresh. The attitude is spirited but typical of what an admiral should be. Again, in his portrait of Rev. Thomas Ewing Sherman, S.J., he has conveyed the quiet repose that one looks for in a priest. In this canvas the wash work is a little more noticeable and this possibly adds a charm to the painting that is much to be admired.

Frank P. Saurwein shows two of his scenes from Taos. The first portrays an old Indian custom and is entitled "The Corn Song." The coloring is clear and fresh, the drawing admirable. The subject is particularly interesting to Californians, in that it depicts a religious rite practiced almost universally by the Indians of this state. The "Land of Sunshine" is the most charming piece of coloring in the room. It is painted in a very high key.

Ralph Mocine shows an "Early Summer Morning" that has an atmosphere and a brilliance that are admirable. Mr. Mocine is evidently on the right track, and if he will include a little more color and firmness of drawing, he will immediately take his place as one of the leading California landscape painters. He is a young artist of great promise.

William Wendt shows the best picture seen of his works of late. It is an autumn landscape, decorative in design, although like all his canvases, slightly cold in coloring.

"Street in Tegacigalpa," by Carl Oscar Forst, is quite the best thing he has shown here. It is well drawn and has more color than is usual with him.

Jean Mannheim's study of a child looking into a bowl of gold fishes is not happy in its color, and betrays carelessness in drawing. His landscape, "Eucalyptus, in Arroyo," although very decorative in design, is equally at fault as to color.

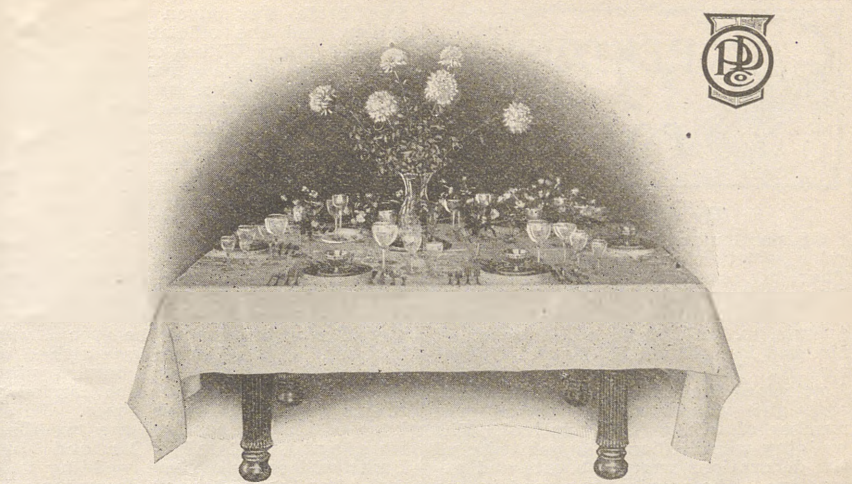
Mrs. Helma Heynsen Jahn shows a remarkably lifelike portrait of Mr. John E. Fishburn of the California National Bank. She is a ward of the Austrian government and studied under Von Lenbach, whose influence is very noticeable.

"Windswept," by Benjamin C. Brown, is a decorative piece of work, highly imaginative and reminding somewhat in design of the canvases by the German, Boecklin.

Franz Bischoff, who lately made a sale into landscape and marine painting, continues to show improvement; if he would keep his coloring a little cleaner, it would add a charm to his canvases.

At the regular bi-monthly meeting of the jury and hanging committee of the Del Monte Art Gallery, held at Del Monte last Saturday, many new pictures were submitted and about fifteen accepted from the whole number offered, and the gallery was re-hung almost entirely. Among the works that received the approval of the jury and were deemed worthy of a place on the walls were several of Gottardo Piazzi's French pastoral scenes and of L. D. Boranda's studies in Monterey and along the shores of the Pacific. A coast scene by Miss Emily Travis also met with acceptance. Dr. Arnold Genthe submitted new photographs, the most striking of which is a moonlight scene. The quality of the gallery is improving steadily, as the committee is able to set a more exacting standard than was practicable when the exhibition of the works of California artists was first opened.

Award of prizes has been made in the twenty-second annual exhibition of



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oil paintings and sculpture by American artists at the Chicago Art Institute. First honors, the N. W. Harris prize of \$500 and a silver medal, went to Frank W. Benson's "Girl Playing Solitaire." Second prize of \$300 and a bronze medal was given to a landscape, "The White House," by Edward W. Redfield. Third prize of \$100, for the best picture in the annual exhibit by a Chicago artist, without regard to subject, was awarded to Ralph Clarkson for his portrait of Lorado Taft. In 1904 this same prize, known as the Martin B. Cahn prize, was won by William Wendt, now of Los Angeles.

Exquisite chinaware is always of interest, and at Parmelee-Dohrmann's this season are floral Dresden designs of unequalled delicacy. One of the great attractions is the "Kornilow" Russian china, made in St. Petersburg, of rare quality, refined, rich and ornate in its decorative splendor. It has a royal, sumptuous appearance, which lends itself to superb table decoration. Of great importance is the celebrated Lenox ware, whose surface is susceptible to a high glaze, which absorbs all applied decoration, giving it great richness, depth and softness. There is also a splendid collection of Minton ware, together with many special pieces of imported French and German gold ware. Among the newest attractions in table decorative pieces are the odd and striking Austrian flower holders, that are beautiful in form and happy in their suggestive usefulness in displaying flowers on the table. In the sculptures, both of marbles and bronzes, there is a large collection displayed. A Jeanne d'Arc, by Umberto Bignini, in Carrara marble, is of unusual merit; another of the same material is of Napoleon by Capriano; the pose and expression are excellent, and its technique good. A figure of Faith, also in marble, attracts by its excellent modeling and finish. It is by E. Faische, who also has another bust of a female figure that is charming. In addition, the showing contains a splendid collection of pottery that well repays a visit. Altogether, the beautiful creations at Parmelee-Dohrmann's this year are of decided artistic beauty.

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FOURTH AND SPRING



By Ruth Burke

Of particular interest to Los Angeles society circles was the marriage, Thursday evening, of Miss Virginia Johnson, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gail B. Johnson of 345 Westlake avenue, to Mr. Harold S. Cook, son of Mr. and Mrs. David S. Cook of Evanston, Ill. The ceremony took place at 9 o'clock at the home of the bride's parents and was witnessed by a large number of friends and relatives. The wedding was brilliantly appointed, and the decorations were elaborate and attractive. The service was read in the drawing room, the bridal party standing before an altar formed of white chrysanthemums and maidenhair ferns. Bishop Joseph H. Johnson, rector of St. Paul's pro-cathedral, officiated. The bride wore a handsome gown of white satin, trimmed with rose point and made entrain. Her veil was fastened in place by a wreath of orange blossoms, and she carried a bouquet of white orchids. Miss Gertrude King and Miss Phila Milbank, the latter a cousin of the bride, were maids of honor. They were attired alike in white satin gowns with iridescent tunics, and each carried a gold basket filled with yellow orchids. Mr. Fred Weaver of Chicago was best man. Following the ceremony, a supper was served in the dining room, where the decorations were in white and yellow. The bride's table was arranged in yellow roses and white orchids. Hand-painted cards marked places for the members of the bridal party and the following guests: Mr. and Mrs. Harry B. Morse, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Burk, Mr. and Mrs. S. F. B. Morse, Mr. and Mrs. Hansen Moore, Mrs. Earl C. Anthony, Misses Amy Brunswig, Alice Elliott, Sallie Utley, Kate Van Nuys, Katherine Graves and Lois Allen; Messrs. Arthur Dodworth, Harold Wrenn, Borden Johnson, Rolden Borden, Adolf Schwartz, Will Wolters, Rance Lewis and Maynard McKie. The bride is pretty and accomplished, and since her recent debut has been much feted. Mr. Cook has been one of the popular young bachelors here and has a host of friends. Following a wedding trip to Honolulu, Mr. and Mrs. Cook will return to Los Angeles and will be at home here after January 15.

Accounted among the most brilliant weddings of the season was that of Miss Gertrude Churchill, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Owen Humphreys Churchill of 2201 South Figueroa street, and Mr. Francis Pierpont Davis, formerly of Baltimore, Md. The ceremony was celebrated Wednesday evening at the Woman's club house, and was witnessed by a large number of friends and relatives. Elaborate appointments characterized the wedding, which was followed by a supper and dance. The auditorium of the clubhouse, where the service was read, was decorated with ropes of smilax and white tulle streamers, and the stage was embanked with potted plants, ferns and white chrysanthemums. The bridal couple stood beneath a large basket of pink roses, white carnations and maidenhair ferns, from the foliage of which shone tiny green-colored incandescent lights. The four reception rooms were filled with quantities of white chrysanthemums and Woodwardia ferns, which were arranged in large bouquets. The mantels were banked with the flowers and greenery, and the lights in these rooms were shaded with pink tulle. In the supper room the lights were pink-shaded, and the walls were festooned in smilax and pink tulle. The bride's table had for its centerpiece a large basket of pink roses, tied with fluffy pink tulle bows, and set in a mound of lilies of the valley. Pink-shaded candelabra served in the illumination. Place cards were the handiwork of the bride's sister, Mrs. David H. McCartney, and were water colors of French flower baskets, with the bride's monogram done in gold. At the smaller tables pink roses were used. Mr. Owen Churchill, brother of the bride, preceded the bridal party to the altar, carrying the bows of ribbon streamers, which Miss Marjorie Severance, Miss Helen Dornin of San Francisco, Mr. Fred Rowan and Mr. Fred McCartney held to form an aisle.

The bride was given away by her father, and the officiating clergyman was Mr. Harry Wilson of London, England. The bride's gown was a handsome one of chiffon marquisette, made over satin and trimmed with point and Duchesse lace. The gown was made in pretty drape effect, with lace panel and lace sleeves. Her long tulle veil was held by a coronet of orange blossoms, and she carried a round bouquet of lilies of the valley. Mrs. David McCartney was matron of honor, her gown being a coral pink satin, made in draped effect and trimmed with chiffon and rose point lace. She carried a round bouquet of pink roses. Mr. Emmett Davis, brother of the groom, was best man. Miss Dornin was attired in a white lace gown and carried pink roses. Miss Severance also carried a round bouquet of pink roses. Three hundred invitations to the wedding were sent out, locally. Mr. and Mrs. Davis will enjoy a short wedding trip, and after the middle of December will be at home to their friends at 2201 South Figueroa street, pending the building of their own home.

Beautifully appointed and one of the socially interesting weddings of the week was that of Miss Agnes Evangeline Sutton and Mr. William Boothby Stringfellow, the ceremony being celebrated Tuesday evening at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest V. Sutton, 1625 Oak street, South Pasadena. The entire home was elaborately decorated with quantities of yellow and white chrysanthemums and potted plants. In the living room, where the ceremony was performed, the effect was especially picturesque. At one corner of the room a mass of greenery formed a pretty niche for the bridal party, while suspended above the heads of the bride and groom was a large bell of chrysanthemums. About the mouldings and door frames chrysanthemums and greenery were festooned. In the dining room, where supper was served following the ceremony, the color scheme of yellow, white and green was artistically carried out. Lights, soft-shaded in red, cast a pretty glow over the room. The table was covered with a handsome Cluny lace cloth, and a centerpiece was formed of a Japanese basket filled with yellow chrysanthemums. Yellow-shaded candelabra and cut-glass bonbon dishes also were used in the table arrangement. The bride was given away by her father. She wore a handsome empire gown of cream messaline, made over soft silk and trimmed with Princess lace and gold thread. Over the gown fell a long tulle bridal veil. The bride's flowers were massed in an arm bouquet of lilies of the valley, violets and Cecil Bruner roses, with maidenhair ferns, and tied with streamers of white ribbons. Mrs. Harry Winthrop Gorham of Colegrove, who served as matron of honor, wore a white messaline gown, made low neck and trimmed with real lace. She carried a bouquet of yellow chrysanthemums. Mr. Arthur Stanley V. Call was best man. Little Misses Rebecca and Katherine Patterson, nieces of the groom, were flower girls, their frocks being of dainty white lingerie. Rev. Frederick Henstridge, rector of St. James Episcopal church, South Pasadena, officiated, and the wedding music was rendered by Miss Ida Selbie and Mr. Leroy Jepson. Following the wedding, Mr. and Mrs. Stringfellow left for a brief honeymoon trip to Coronado. After December 15 they will be at home to their friends in their new home at Sierra Vista. The bride is a talented singer, and is popular with a large circle of friends. Mr. Stringfellow, who is the son of Mrs. Mary Stringfellow of 1625 Laurel street, South Pasadena, is a member of the Gamut and Orpheus clubs, and holds a responsible position with the Los Angeles Abstract and Trust Company. Preceding the wedding ceremony, Tuesday evening, Mrs. Patterson, aunt of Mr. Stringfellow, entertained the bridal party and a few close relatives with a turkey dinner at her home in South Pasadena. Covers were laid for about twenty guests.

It is the season of debutantes and society folk are preparing to welcome within the next few weeks a number of charming young women who will make their formal debuts at large and fashionable functions. Already Miss Vivian Bulla, daughter of former Senator Robert N. Bulla, has been ushered into society. This afternoon two attractive young women, the Misses Edna and Gladys Letts, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Letts of Hollywood,

make their debut at a large reception given by their mother. The affair will be a brilliantly appointed one, and the decorations, under the charge of Miss Waite, are pleasingly effective. In the living room and reception hall large clusters of yellow chrysanthemums, together with huckleberry and ferns are used. In the reception room there are Empire garlands of pink roses and smilax, hung over the mirrors, and the mantel is prettily banked with the roses and foliage. In the dining room the table has for its centerpiece a large bowl of yellow chrysanthemums, and in the breakfast room, where refreshments are served, a quantity of pink Killarney roses and ferns are utilized in attractive manner. Receiving and assisting are Meses. W. G. Barnwell, William Lacy, W. H. Davis, George I. Cochran, Lee A. Phillips, C. I. D. Moore, D. E. Luther, A. B. Barrett, C. H. Lippincott, Charles J. George; Misses Susie Cochran, Ada Letts, Pauline Vollmer, Elizabeth Wood, Madeline King, Lucile Gage, Mary Peyton and Mildred Williams, of York, Pa., the latter is a house guest of the Misses Letts, having attended Miss Bennett's school with them. Guests will be received from 3 to 5 o'clock, invitations to the number of five hundred having been issued. Punch will be served in the afternoon in the conservatory, and the music is to be given in the upper hall by an orchestra, while in the living room a program of harp music is to be played. The Misses Letts, who are exceedingly attractive young women, have attended school in the east and only recently were graduated from Miss Head's School for Girls in Berkeley. They have just returned from an extended trip abroad. Both are talented, and their advent into society will be marked by a number of delightful social affairs given in their honor this winter.

Of particular interest to members of the younger set was the marriage this week, in Chicago, of Miss Marie Adele Gray to Mr. Arthur George Keating, son of Mrs. H. M. Russell of 718 West Adams. The ceremony was celebrated Wednesday in Grace church, Chicago, in the presence of a large number of guests. The bride, who is a niece of Dr. and Mrs. F. A. Carter of Chicago, lived in Los Angeles for a large part of her girlhood, and has many friends here among the younger exclusive set. She is a graduate of Marlborough, and later attended Wellesley. Mr. Keating is a graduate of Amherst, where he took an active part in college life. Mr. Keating will bring his bride to Los Angeles and they will make their home with Major and Mrs. Russell at 718 West Adams street.

One of the most brilliant of the week's society affairs was the buffet luncheon given Thursday by Mrs. F. Irwin Herron and her sister, Miss Clara Mercereau at the home of the latter, 1201 Westchester place. Large bronzed wicker baskets, filled with pink chrysanthemums, the handles tied with fluffy tulle bows, formed the table decorations. The hostesses were assisted by Meses. Rufus H. Herron, Adna R. Chaffee, Clifford Page, Willoughby Rodman, Godfrey Holterhoff, Jr., Joseph H. Bohon, Edward Bosbyshell, William Hamilton Toaz, Thomas Lee, Charles Byington, Morris Albee, Marshall Stimson, Willard Doran, Samuel Haskins, Walter Munday, West Hughes, Norman Sterry, Lee Garnsey, Carroll Al-

Hotel Alexandria

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Society folk last week welcomed home Mr. Robert P. Flint, son of Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Flint of West Washington street, who returned Wednesday from the east and a European trip, accompanied by his bride, who, as Miss Margaret Gray, won a host of admiring friends here last winter, when she was a house guest of her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Gray of Oak Knoll, Pasadena.

One of the pretty home weddings of the week was that of Miss Helen Coombs and Mr. Edwin O. Edgerton, which took place Wednesday evening at the home of the bride's father, Mr. J. C. Coombs, 2050 West Twenty-fourth street. The ceremony was witnessed only by relatives, a few of the most intimate friends, including the members of the Gamma Gamma Phi sorority, to which the bride belongs. The bride, who was given away by her father, was attired in a gown of white satin, trimmed with lace, chiffon and pearls. She carried a shower bouquet of bride's roses, and her long tulle veil was held in place by a spray of orange blossoms. Miss Edith Coombs, sister of the bride, was her maid of honor. She wore a pretty gown of pink messaline, and carried a bouquet of pink roses. Mr. Howard Fish stood with the groom. Dr. Hugh K. Walker, pastor of the Immanuel Presbyterian church, performed the ceremony, and the wedding music was played by Miss Wynette Bailey. The house was artistically decorated for the occasion with a profusion of flowers and greenery. In the living room, where the ceremony was celebrated, pink and white carnations and roses were used, and potted plants and palms were effectively grouped. The mantel, before which the service

was read, was banked with flowers and greenery. Mr. and Mrs. Edgerton have left for an automobile trip to the north, and after December 10 will be at home to their friends at the Adams apartments.

One of the most attractive of the week's many society affairs will be the handsomely appointed tea which Miss Moira Maud Park will give this afternoon at Hotel Hollywood in honor of Mrs. Richard Hovey, widow of the well-known poet. The decorations will be simple and attractive. As a feature of the afternoon, Mrs. Hovey will read a number of Richard Hovey's shot poems, and Mr. Charles Farwell Edson will sing three Hovey songs. Herr Otto Kunitz, pianist, will play several selections from MacDowell and other American composers. Receiving with the hostess and guest of honor will be Mmes. Robert Johnston Whitely, W. T. English, N. N. Nay, Joseph Leslie Phillips, Frances Josephine Holmes, Robert Smith, William B. Hunnewell, Misses Ida M. Leonard, Helen Smith, Nora Sterry, and Dorothy Russell Lewis.

Thursday evening, at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Duncan McDonald, 1320 Ingraham street, was celebrated the marriage of Miss Violet McDonald to Mr. Allen Culver. Rev. L. G. Morris of St. John's Episcopal church officiated, and the ceremony was witnessed by relatives and friends. The bride's gown was of pink messaline satin, trimmed with duchess lace and pearls, and her bouquet was of lilies of the valley. Miss Marguerite Seymour was maid of honor. Her gown was of white net over pink silk, and she carried a bouquet of pink bridesmaid roses. The bride's sister, Miss Georgia McDonald, was the flower girl, and Mr. James Sheldon Riley stood with the groom as best man. Misses Agne and Lottie Buisseret rendered a piano and violin duet, "Traumerei," during the service, and also played the wedding marches. Miss Helen McCutchan sang "The Message" with violin obligato. In the house-decorations pink was the predominating color, asparagus ferns and foliage forming a background for the roses and carnations utilized. Big tulle bows were tied about the chandeliers, and over the head of the bridal couple during the ceremony was suspended a white wedding bell, overrun with sprays of maidenhair ferns. Mr. Culver, who is a prominent business man here, has purchased a home at 2801 Menlo avenue, where he and his bride will receive their friends after January 1.

Owing to the heavy condition of the roads in the northern part of the state, a party of Los Angeles society folk, including Mr. James Slauson, Mrs. Kate S. Vosburg, Mrs. J. S. Porter, Miss Macneil and Mr. Volney E. Howard, who left this city recently for a motor trip, were compelled to abandon their cars at Paso Robles. They proceeded to Del Monte by train, where they remained for several days, on one of which they went out to Pebble Beach Lodge for luncheon.

Mrs. Oscar M. Souden of West Twenty-fourth street entertained recently with the second of a series of dinners which she is giving. Guests included Mr. and Mrs. Richard Lacy, Mr. and Mrs. William Lacy, Mrs. Elizabeth E. Hinsdale, Mr. Willis G. Hunt and Mr. J. C. Heyler.

In honor of Mme. Jeanne Jomelli, the famous singer, Mrs. Hugh L. Macneil entertained Friday with a tea at the California Club. In the evening Mrs. Macneil gave a dinner of fourteen covers at her home on South Figueroa street in compliment to the distinguished vocalist.

Mrs. Charles O. Nourse of Berkeley Square will entertain with a reception at her home next Friday afternoon, the affair being given in honor of her daughter, Miss Virginia Nourse.

Judge and Mrs. Erskine M. Ross have returned from Richmond, Va., where they have been visiting relatives for two months. They are staying at Hotel Alexandria, where Mrs. Ross will be at home to her friends the first and third Mondays of the month, until the completion of their new home on Wilshire boulevard.

Mr. and Mrs. Loren D. Sale of Hotel Westminster left Thursday evening for San Francisco, whence they will sail next Tuesday on the Manchuria for a trip around the world. A number of farewell parties were given in

Little Sermons on Health

Weekly Department Written for The Graphic by Dr. L. L. Denny, Health Scientist.

Never stoop over while sitting at the desk, neither is it advisable to sit upon the middle of the backbone. Keep the spine straight, be optimistic and you will live longer.

Two meals a day are sufficient. Thousands agree to this—try it. Eliminate luncheon—eat a light breakfast and your only substantial meal in the evening. It will add years to your life and life to your years.

Never sleep in a little, stuffy, one-windowed bedroom. The air doesn't have the opportunity to run through or even turn around. The Indian sleeps outdoors, and yet rarely ever has a cold. Air does not cause you to contract cold—it is lack of air.

The man with a grouch eats too much, and is usually mean to his wife.

A house rests upon a foundation, and this foundation is of vital importance. If it begins to crumble, the superstructure will eventually fall. The body structure also has a foundation, although very little attention is paid to it. Do you happen to remember seeing the word "spine" in print, in relation to an anatomical subject? Very rarely, indeed, and yet this word signifies the foundation of our body structure. If we would pay more attention to our back, where all the vital nerves center, than to the much-abused appendix, this generation would live much longer.

Never fail to take a fifteen-minute siesta at noon. An animal can lie down, turn over and get up rested. A normal man can almost duplicate this feat; simply losing consciousness establishes an equilibrium of the entire body. It relieves nerve tension and gives renewed strength and vigor.

If you sit in a chair collapsed, do not deceive yourself by thinking you are relaxed. In resting, fix the body in a comfortable, natural position, then relax by removing all muscular tension. Collapsing, like a broken egg shell, is a sin against the body. Sitting or lying down is not necessarily resting. You can be keyed to such a nervous tension that an all-night sleep will not rest you. You must learn to let go, dismiss all worries, and relax every muscle of the body. Freeing the tension on the nerves, which supply the real rest stimuli to the tired body tissue, is the only relaxation that will make it possible for the wonder-working power of nature to create the normal. Nerve impulse, which creates rest in the body tissue, can no more flow through obstructed, tensioned nerves than water can flow through a hose that is obstructed.

[The Graphic has perfected arrangements with Dr. Denny, whereby the readers of this magazine may write for any information pertaining to health subjects. Address correspondence to Dr. L. L. Denny, Suite 908-9-10 Broadway Central building, Los Angeles Cal.]

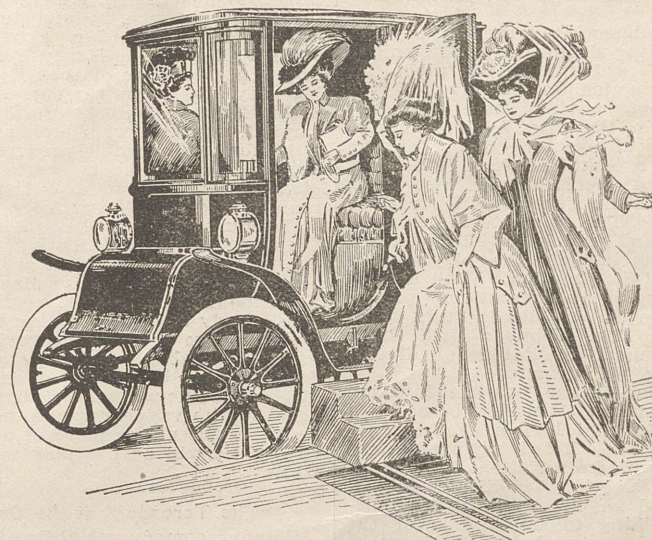
honor of Mr. and Mrs. Sale prior to their departure, among their hosts and hostesses being Dr. and Mrs. Herman Janss of 2703 Portland avenue, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Jevne of 987 Arapahoe street, and Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Braly of 201 Orange Grove avenue, Pasadena.

One of the delightful social affairs of this week will be the large dance which Mrs. Abraham M. Kremer and Mrs. Meyer Lissner will give this evening at the Hotel Virginia, Long Beach, in compliment to Mrs. Kremer's sister, Miss Myrtle Jacobs, who is visiting her at her home, 1112 Arapahoe street. About eighty guests have been invited.

Dr. and Mrs. Robert Jones Burdette will sail December 2 on a six months' visit to Honolulu and Japan.

Miss Florence Newmark, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Newmark of Beacon street, will be married Sunday, November 21, to Mr. Sylvain Kauffman of San Francisco. The ceremony will be celebrated at noon at the home of the bride's parents. The bride will be attended by Miss Sallie Kauffman, sister of the bridegroom, and little Elsie Goldschmidt and Katherine Newmark will be the flower girls. Rev. Dr. Hecht, rabbi of B'nai B'rith, will officiate. Mr. Kauffman is prominent in social and business circles of the northern city, and his bride-elect is one of the charming young women of Los Angeles, being popular in the Jewish society circles.

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Julian Johnson has the makings of an interesting drama in his ingenious "Invasion," which is being given its initial production on any stage at the Burbank this week. There are incoherencies in the play which the author's critical eye will detect as the situations are studied from the front and in future performances, elsewhere, doubtless the present crudities will be eliminated. The characters are well-defined, and fairly well-developed, proving conclusively the playwright's ability in this direction. With a little remodeling in construction, paying more attention to details that need smoothing, Mr. Johnson will have evolved a most creditable and diverting modern war drama.

His theme is the possible invasion of the Southern California coast by a horde of Asiatics known as the Muscovite Alliance. It is introduced in the form of a dream. Fulton Lane, lieutenant in the United States signal service and an enthusiast in all matters pertaining to his branch of the service, is obsessed by the notion that the Orient is planning to invade the Occident. Color is given to this by the appearance of Kaneko, a Korean spy, from whom Suski, the Japanese house servant of the Benhams, wrenches a plan of the San Pedro fortifications. Repulsed in his wooing of Ella Benham, daughter of the congressman of the Los Angeles district, Lane falls asleep in the big sitting room, and what his active mind experiences in his dream is projected on the stage in the succeeding three acts, three years having been supposed to have elapsed following the incidents of the first act.

As in dreams, there are erratic gaps in the sequence of events, and characters will persist in bobbing up in the most unlikely places. Thus, the unfinished wireless station at Point Firmin, a most dangerous spot for unprotected young women, in view of the proximity of the invading hordes, is visited by Ella Benham and her cousin, Margaret Dorr, the latter a Red Cross nurse, attended by two soldiers, but whether they are in Uncle Sam's service or of the Muscovite alliance is difficult to tell. They show the same khaki uniform worn by the men obeying Kaneko, the scout and spy, and seem to be in nowise perturbed by the advent of the foreigners. Why Fulton Lane should be seated at the receiving table in the heart of the invested district is not explained, it is one of the tantalizing vagaries of a dream. Presently, he disappears to hunt for Ella, who, he learns, is strolling about in the neighborhood. He leaves Dick Upton, a newspaper correspondent, in charge of the station, but Dick, too, levants when his fiancée, Margaret, strolls in and out. Kaneko bobs up, with a pair of wire-cutters, but instead of snipping the wires, he changes his mind and orders the returning Lane bound to a chair, with the idea of having him electrocuted. Ella's feelings are harassed to such a pitch by this spectacle that she reveals the secret of the hidden mines in the harbor and obtains her lover's release. Then the two stroll on until they come to an aeroplane, fortunately left unguarded by the invading army. Kaneko is on watch, but he is overpowered. Fulton Lane hands his innamorata into the machine and leaps aboard himself, when the airship soars aloft beyond the reach of the enemy. What becomes of the latter is wholly conjectural.

This, briefly, is what is meant by reference to incoherency in the situations. Whether the playwright purposely left the details to be filled in by his audiences, which are to take into account the inconsistent nature of dreams, is a matter of speculation. In that event, the loose construction is not to be criticized, but if Mr. Johnson's idea was to give a sequence of happenings, devoid of improbabilities, much revamping of plot is absolutely necessary. Although Kaneko, played by Harry Mestayer with a strong Italian accent, is only a scout and spy, he seems to have as much authority as a commander-in-chief, no Asiatic officer being introduced. Vague, hazy and indistinct are the movements and purposes of the reputed Muscovite alliance

army, which is mainly represented by Kaneko and a dozen soldiers in khaki of decidedly Irish-American features.

There are several interesting characters. Congressman Benham, essayed by John W. Burton, who has lived here long enough to make his mispronunciation of Los Angeles inexcusable, has great possibilities. John Ransome, a broker and politician, later a colonel of California riflemen, is entrusted to David M. Hartford. Mr. Beasley is a virile Fulton Lane; Henry Stockbridge makes a caricature of Dick Upton, college boy, and later war correspondent; Willis Marks, as Suski, the Jap house servant, starts in with broken English, but shows remarkable progress in the language before he is carried off the stage, feet foremost, a victim of Korean vengeance. Lovell Alice Taylor is a fetching spy of the alliance, and Blanche Hall a sufficiently coquettish young woman, having two ardent wooers to choose from. The play is capitally mounted, and the scenic effects, particularly that showing the aeroplane ascent above the San Pedro harbor, a most creditable stage illusion. Mr. Johnson is to be felicitated on his first attempt. If he will substitute concreteness for the vagueness now noticeable, and give the public more of a tangible reality, he will have a play well worth while.

S. T. C.

"The Toreador" at the Grand

Genuine comedy, sprightly airs, clever dancing and excellent ensembles combine to render Ferris Hartman's production of "The Toreador" at the Grand this week the best—and this is said without a reservation—musical comedy seen in Los Angeles on any stage, in many months. In addition to the rich humor interjected by Hartman as Sammy Gigg, a "Tiger," his successful efforts at funmaking are ably seconded by Walter Catlett, whose impersonation of Pettifer, a dealer in wild animals, is mirth-provoking throughout. Catlett is a genuine comedian; his humor is droll and spontaneous; he dances and sings with grace and jollity, has admirable command of his mobile features and is never automatic in his efforts to raise a laugh. Catlett has a mission as a comedian, and should have a profitable future ahead.

Hartman's cockney study is perfect, to the smallest details. He never forgets to drop an aitch at the proper place, never interpolates one unnecessarily. His "orl right, Susan" is delicious in its costermonger suggestiveness. Without question, it is the richest bit of character work in this line ever seen in Los Angeles. In addition, his comical make-up, his excruciating legs and his clever bits of dancing are a joy to any jaded palate. His work is a constant delight, and this, be it understood, is the opinion of one who has suffered under the inflictions of all the alleged comedians and musical comedies extant.

Oscar Walsh adds to the enjoyment of the evening by his virile presentation of Carajola, the toreador. His voice is clear and resonant, his deportment perfectly attuned to the insolent self-applomb of the "idol of the masses and darling of the women." In fact, all the principals are highly satisfactory. Walter de Leon's Sir Archibald Slakett, with his imperturbable sang froid, his songs and dances notably assists in the entertainment, while George Poulney, Leonard Bowes, Joseph Fogarty and Colin Clinch, each does excellent work.

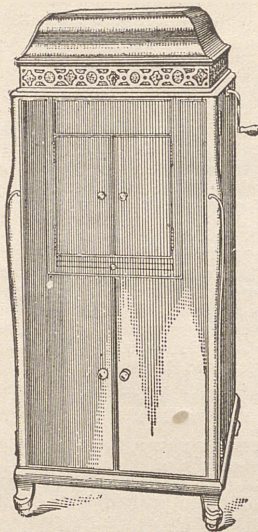
Equally well done are the character parts assigned to the women. Josephine Islieb, in trousers, is almost as attractive as in her natural dress. She has a sweet, fresh voice, which rings true, and a graceful manner. "Muggins" Davies' Susan is a delightful bit of work—what a lucky fellow De Leon is! Elvia Rand's Donna Teresa is capably interpreted, and the less onerous parts filled by Anna Little and Josie Hart are adequate. With well-trained choruses, doing excellent ensemble work, good orchestral music under the direction of Mr. Raynes, and artistic stage mountings, Los Angeles theater goers are assured of an entertainment at the Grand not excelled for enjoyment by the highest-priced musical comedies that ever came to this city.

S. T. C.

"Man of the Hour" at the Mason

"The Man of the Hour" is well-nigh worn out as a form of entertainment, particularly when it is in the hands of a cast that is not capable of interpreting it, which is the unfortunate situation at the Mason Opera House this

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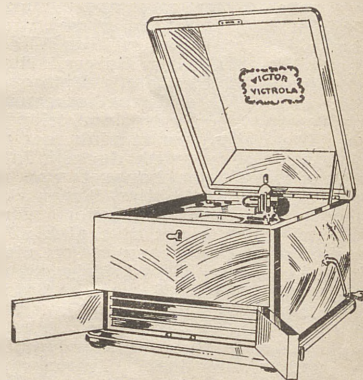
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week. Felix Haney, as Jim Phelan, easily runs away with the play in an exceptionally good piece of character work. John Moore is interesting as Richard Horrigan, and Arthur Maitland occasionally realizes his role of Alwyn Bennett. To H. J. Hewitt, who assumes the role of Thompson, one feels like saying, confidentially, "Young man, you have good stuff in you, but don't play legitimate drama as though you were the irreproachable hero in a 'ten, twenty, thirty' melodrama." Hewitt has a good stage presence, but he overdoes his part, and does not trouble to disguise his manly beauty in a make-up, with the result that he looks five years younger than his "little sister." The feminine portion of the company is decidedly uninteresting and amateurish.

"Mr. Hamlet of Broadway," Auditorium

"Mr. Hamlet of Broadway," at the Auditorium this week, is no one else but Eddie Foy, and without the latter Mr. Hamlet would probably find himself relegated to a less prominent thoroughfare than Broadway. The play, a travesty on Shakespeare's melancholy Dane, portrays the adventures of a stranded circus clown, who consents to play the character of the prince in an amateur production, which a society woman aspires to stage at a summer hotel. There are various reasons why several guests do not wish the play produced, and a few others contrariwise. As a result, Eddie Foy, the erstwhile clown and substitute "Hamlet," is showered with bribes to go and bribes to stay, and he accepts all the money tendered, and then remains, because he is compelled to. The play is well staged, and pleasing features are the picturesque and effective choruses and one or two catchy songs. Less can be said in praise of the singing voices of the company, the principals being notably weak. Mr. Foy's singing, however, is in an incomparable class, and his voiceless rendition of a popular song is one of the chief hits of the show. Slightly older since Los Angeles audiences saw him last, Mr. Foy yet retains all his old-time zest in his own comicalities, and holds his audience with the same impelling force of his earlier days. After deducting the star's four-fifths of the honors of the

production, a large share of the remaining fifth falls to Belle Gold, who, in the role of Molly Brown, displays much versatility and wins repeated encores in her song, "Good-bye, Molly Brown." Charles Halton as the henpecked husband of Mrs. Barnaby Bustle, and Josie Intropidi in the latter role both did commendable work.

"The Soul Kiss" at the Majestic

Certainly, there is nothing soulful about "The Soul Kiss," as it is given at the Majestic Theater this week. So far as the osculatory exhibitions are concerned, they leave Olga Nethersole and Wilton Lackaye at the post, and it is to be hoped that the fair recipients use a good quality of lip salve, otherwise young Mr. Adams, the male operator, may finish his season with a bad attack of painter's colic. The show is not the sort of diet one would recommend for a schoolgirl, but it is not half so risqué as a number of problem plays seen in the various theaters here of late. The metropolitan production must have been a blaze of glory, for even the travel-worn scenery and costumes lend a picturesque glamour to the entire production, and a mediocre company cannot mar the good song numbers. Mlle. Pertina yields wonderful displays of grace and skill far above the general average of toe dancing. Maurice, the seeker of the soul kiss is given an excellent interpretation by Robert Adams, but Arthur Hull, as the New Yorker, robs him of a good deal of glory in a more likeable role. Ben Grinnell might tone down his picture of Mephisto, which he plays at too high a tension throughout the piece, even in shouting his songs. His best work is done in his character song, "There Were Actors Then." Marie Annis as Suzette, a winsome model, and Jaqueline Dubarry as Cleo, add a pretty note to the picture.

"Road to Yesterday" at the Belasco

Back to the days of the historical romantic novels, when swashbuckling knights roamed at large in quest of adventures, leads "The Road to Yesterday," which Lewis S. Stone and company give at the Belasco Theater this week. The dainty fantasy is admirably presented, and honors are fairly evenly divided between Mr. Stone,

Richard Vivian and Thais Magrane. The former, probably for the opportunity of a rest, relinquishes the dual role of Jack Greator and Reformado Jack to Mr. Vivian, and himself portrays the lesser character of Kenelm Paulton. With the star in this role, the part is necessarily made to stand out distinctively, but this does not detract from Mr. Vivian's opportunities in the leading character. His work this week is marked by unusual care and gives evidence of what Mr. Vivian can do under pressure. Miss Magrane adds to her laurels in her portrayal of the naive young miss, who, in her dreams, wanders back into the romantic days of 1603. Her plaintive desire for a hero, her horror at the table manners of her would-be knight, and her bewilderment over the topsy-turvy situations are enacted with a delightful naturalness. Adele Farrington as Black Malena, and Frank E. Camp as Will w' the Feather in the dream cast, do commendable work, although their "soul kiss" scene could be shortened a fraction of time and not detract from the primitive intensity of their new-found love. Grace Gardner, Jessie Norman, Howard Scott and Ida Lewis all contribute to the general excellence of the production, only the latter would do well to remember her sea-wobble when making her exits in the earlier part of the play.

Good Bill at the Orpheum

Excellent offerings mark this week's Orpheum bill, the newcomers providing a variety of good entertainment. The holdovers are acceptable, especially Valerie Bergere, who, in spite of a severe cold, which elicits the sympathy of her audience, does brilliant work in a clever playlet, "Billie's First Love." Martinetti and Joe Sylvester, the boys with the chairs, do skillful tumbling that is marvelous in its agility, and still more marvelous in that it does not land the funny man of the team in a broken heap in the orchestra. Evidently, an audience enjoys the spectacle of a man courting fatal injuries, for the on-lookers scream with laughter at every performance. George Bloomquest, the little comedian, with his squeaky voice and his whirlwind manner, has a sketch full of action in "Nerve." It is well presented by the headliner and his assistants, although Mr. Bloomquest might subdue his habit of speaking the last words of his lines as if they were giggles. A little of that suffices. Eugene and Willie Howard arouse as much merriment with their time-worn sketch as if it were entirely new. The best thing of their act is their imitation of the violin and cello. Ballerini's canine tumblers, who do the usual dog tricks in an unusual fashion, complete an interesting program.

Offerings Next Week

George M. Cohan, with his Royal Family and a big supporting company, will present Mr. Cohan's most successful musical comedy, "The Yankee Prince," at the Mason Opera House all next week, with matinees Thanksgiving day and Saturday. Cohan has not been in Los Angeles for nearly seven years, and it is expected that his coming visit will arouse a good deal of interest. His father, mother and sister will be with him in "The Yankee Prince," which is said to contain a large variety of musical numbers and ensembles, mingled with the well-known Cohanesque humor.

For the first time in months the popular Burbank stock company will offer next week a rural play, "The Dairy Farm." In addition to the matinees Sunday and Saturday, there will be a special holiday matinee Thursday, Thanksgiving day. "The Dairy Farm" was last seen locally a little more than two years ago, when it was played at the Burbank. In the current revival, several of the roles will be entrusted to the same players who portrayed them at that time. Byron Beasley and Blanche Hall will have the principal roles, with the favorites of the company in their support. Great care has been taken to reproduce with accuracy the quaint costumes of half a century ago, the time in which the play is laid.

For next week, at the Auditorium, the Shuberts announce what they consider their strongest musical attraction, Julian Edwards' comic opera success, "The Gay Musician," rendered by John P. Slocum's New York company of singers. Of the thirty or more comic opera successes written by Mr. Edwards, he prefers "The Gay Musician," which he considers his best work. In addition to its summer season at Wal-

lack's Theater, New York, last year, the opera has enjoyed successful engagements in all the large cities of the east. Among the principals are Miss Texas Guinan, who has risen in three years from chorus girl to prima donna; Miss Lottie Kendall, who is well known in this city; Harry Benham and Margaret Crawford, formerly with Sav-age; Roger Gray, W. H. Pringle, Freda Klingel, Leo H. White, and a number of others. Artistic stage settings and handsome costumes are promised. A special matinee will be given Thanksgiving day, in addition to the regular Saturday matinee.

"In the Bishop's Carriage," Channing Pollock's successful dramatization of Miriam Michelson's famous novel of the same name, will be the vehicle for Lewis S. Stone and the Belasco Theater Company, beginning Monday night, with the regular Thursday matinee Thanksgiving day. Lewis Stone will be seen in the role of William Latimer, the young lawyer, while Thais Magrane will play Nance Olden, the girl thief. Frank Camp will enact the part of the girl's confederate, Tom Dorgan, which should give him one of the best opportunities he has had since coming to the Belasco. William Yerance, after an absence of a year, will make his reappearance with the Belasco company in the comedy role of Edward Ramsey. Following "In the Bishop's Carriage," the interesting announcement is made that Lottie Blair Parker's rural American play, "Way Down East," will be given its first production by a stock company anywhere in the world.

Ferris Hartman and his big singing company will next week, beginning with the matinee Sunday, make use of the famous New York and London musical comedy success, "A Chinese Honeymoon." Besides the regular matinees, Sunday, Tuesday and Saturday, a special matinee will be given Thanksgiving day. Ferris Hartman will be seen in the role of Samuel Pineapple, which he has played before with distinct success. Josie Hart will take the role of Mrs. Pineapple, while Josephine Islieb will be seen as the Princess Soo-Soo, niece of the emperor, a part which will be taken by Joseph Fogarty. "Muggins" Davies will repeat her performance of the eccentric cockney waitress, Fl-FI, and Walter de Leon will appear as Captain Tom Hatherton. Oscar Walch will play Admiral Hi-Lung, Walter Catlett the Lord Chancellor, and Elethia Luce Mrs. Brown, the official mother-in-law. Walter de Leon's new song, "Mamie," will be introduced, besides a number of other song hits.

"In Old Kentucky," the play that never grows old, will be the attraction at the Majestic Theater next week, with its horses, its pickaninnies, and southern atmosphere intact. An entirely new scenic production has been arranged for the season of 1909-10, and the company, headed by Miss Mildred Johnson as little Madge, is said to be a capable one. The engagement opens Sunday night for the week, with matinees Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday.

"On with the dance" will be the keynote of the Orpheum the week beginning Monday matinee, November 22—Thanksgiving week—for dancing will be the principal features of the holiday bill. In Mlle. Bianci and her troupe, theatergoers are promised the best of the European ballet divertissements. Mlle. Bianci brings with her a corps of dancers and presents four spectacles, the Dresden china dance, the Egyptian, "La Danse en Volant," and "Satanella." The last is said to be as sensational as it is beautiful. Hal Godfrey has recently returned from a successful season in London with his farces, of which he will present two during his stay. "The Liar" will be his offering for the coming week. Keno, Welsh and Melrose are acrobats who do something new every year. This season they have "the revolving arch," which is said to lend the zest of novelty to their turn. "General" Edward Lavine, the funny man who "has soldiered all his life," will be sure of a warm welcome. George Bloomquest and his company, Ballerini's clever canines, Howard and Howard, and Martinetti and Sylvester complete the new bill.

Asides

Byron Beasley has acquired a dark blue automobile and a dark brown chauffeur, both of them valuable additions to the Beasley household, according to Mr. Beasley; the machine, because it provides safety, speed and

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Matinee Tomorrow. All Next Week. Matinee Saturday.
Special Thanksgiving Day Matinee Thursday. The Incomparable Burbank Stock Company in the Charming Rural Comedy Drama

THE DAIRY FARM

By Eleanor Merron.
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All Next Week. Matinee Wednesday. Matinee Saturday.
Special Holiday Matinee Thanksgiving Day. Return of America's Favorite Play

IN OLD KENTUCKY

POPULAR PRICES POPULAR PRICES POPULAR PRICES
Nights and holiday matinee, 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1. Saturday matinee, 25c, 50c, 75c. Bargain matinee Wednesday, 25c and 50c. NO HIGHER.

Mason Opera House

WEEK OF MONDAY, NOVEMBER 22

George M. Cohan

(Himself), His Royal Family and the Greatest Cast of Comedians Ever, in the Best Musical Comedy in the World

THE YANKEE PRINCE

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Matinees Thursday, Saturday and Sunday. Every Night at 8:15.
WEEK COMMENCING MONDAY NIGHT, NOVEMBER 22. Matinee Thanksgiving Day.

LEWIS S. STONE

and the Belasco Theater Company will give Channing Pollock's successful dramatization of Miriam Michelson's famous novel,

IN THE BISHOP'S CARRIAGE

One of the greatest dramatic successes written in the past five years.
TO FOLLOW—First production by a stock company anywhere in the world of Lottie Blair Parker's famously successful rural American drama, "WAY DOWN EAST." Seats on sale Monday.

The Auditorium

NEXT WEEK—BEGINNING MONDAY, NOV. 22, Julian Edwards' Brilliant Comic Opera

THE GAY MUSICIAN

As given 100 nights at Wallack's Theater, N. Y. Rendered by John P. Slocum's company, including Miss Texas Guinan and Miss Lottie Kendall. An all-star cast and powerful singing chorus. Augmented orchestra. Superb costuming and effects.

THE BIG MUSICAL EVENT OF THE SEASON

Special matinee Thanksgiving day. Regular matinee Saturday. Prices: Lower floor, \$1.00 and \$1.50; balcony, 50c and 75c; gallery 25c. Matinees—25c to \$1.00.

Orpheum Theater--VAUDEVILLE

COMMENCING MONDAY MATINEE, NOVEMBER 22

Mlle. Bianca, and her ballet troupe. George Bloomquest & Co., in "Nerve."
Hal Godfrey and Company, in "The Liar." Eugene & Willie Howard, "Messenger Boy and Thespian."
Keno, Welsh and Melrose, Acrobats. Martinetti & Sylvester, "An Attempt at Suicide."
General Edward LaVine, "The Funny Man." Ballerini's Canine Tumblers, Wonderful Acrobatic Dogs.
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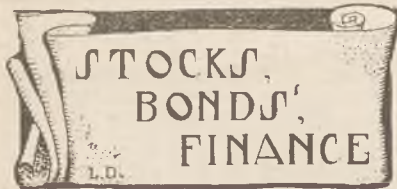
Grand Opera House

WEEK COMMENCING SUNDAY MATINEE, NOV. 21. Special Matinee Thanksgiving Day and his big singing company will present the famous New York and London Musical Comedy
A Chinese Honeymoon

One of the most pretentious offerings of the entire season. Regular Hartman prices. TO FOLLOW—Ferris Hartman in Richard Carle's famous musical success, "THE TENDERFOOT." Seats go on sale Monday.

comfort, and the chauffeur, because he is ex duex machina. The motor is a Studebaker, very imposing in the ensemble, especially with that monogram of "A. B. B." adorning it. To add to

its glory, it needs only the debonaire "Lon" in the latest things in automobile coats reposing beside the grinning "shofer." But where the "speed, safety" (Continued on Page Fifteen)



Pyrotechnic price manipulation has been a feature of security trading on the Los Angeles stock exchange this week, with Associated Oil the leader in a somewhat ragged market, and Stewart oils a close second. While the up-hill and down-dale swing appears to have been entirely natural and therefore legitimate in the first-named shares, in the Unions the complaint continues as general as ever that the shading of from one to three points in these stocks, over night, as has been the case time and again, in the end is pretty certain to have a depressing effect upon a market already narrow in its trading confines.

Associated, having reached 48 because of a legitimate demand for the shares, a profit-taking season appears to have set in that may drive the stock several points below the present figures. In fact, insiders are predicting that as they are in position to control market conditions, it is for the best interests of all concerned that the stock be allowed to ease off for a spell; after a clean-up of loose holdings, Associated is to be shoved up above 50. Be that as it may, there are futures out for the acquirement of the stock before the middle of January at 52.

In the other and lesser known oils, Central continues firm around 1.35, with a lot of stock being continually acquired at about that figure. Purchasers of Central at these prices are laying the stock away in security vaults as an investment.

There is considerably less trading in American Petroleum than has been noticeable in many weeks, and the stock bids fair to reach a much lower level of prices, due, apparently, to the fact that the company having completed its late financing has no further interest in market conditions. While the American shares pay in excess of 15 per cent upon present prices, they appear to have struck top for the present.

In the public utility list, the Edisons continue in demand at higher prices, L. A. Home Pfd. is soft, and with the common more of a public favorite than in some time. San Diego Home, a local trader, should be worth more money than the shares have been selling for recently.

L. A. Investment continues active, with those on the company's books always ready and anxious to take on more stock, because of the policy of the corporation in taking care of its own, apparently.

In the bond list, Edison first 5s and Associated Oil 5s are favorites, with nothing doing recently in L. A. Home 5s of either issue.

Bank stocks are not lively, with the exception of National Bank of California, Citizens National and Southern Trust, which appear to be wanted around present prices. The mining list continues inactive.

Money is hard with rates not inclined to ease off in the immediate future.

Lost Angeles stock exchange commissions may be radically reduced at an early day. There is complaint that the exchange may be listing a few too many cats and dogs in the oils.

Banks and Banking

Statements issued this week by the nine national banks of Los Angeles, in response to the call of the comptroller of currency, show a large gain over the corresponding date of last year, and bespeak the prosperity of the times. An enormous gain of \$3,457,796 is shown in the total deposits compared with the figures of September 1, when the last report of the comptroller was announced. Several of the banks have recorded individual gains so large as to attract special comment. The National Bank of California showing an increase of \$800,000 in deposits in three months, makes the largest percentage of gain of any of the local national institutions. The Farmers and Merchants National Bank records an increase in deposits of \$1,200,000. This does not imply any hoarding of gold, for, despite the increase of deposits, there also has been a healthy demand for money for investment purposes, and the loans and discounts have increased \$1,259,799 since September 1, and \$2,-

276,524 compared with the total of June 23. Reports show also that the national banks have a good cash reserve, the available cash having increased \$2,-373,836 since September 1, and showing a gain of \$842,864 as compared with the total of June.

Monday of this week the Citizens Savings Bank of Long Beach reopened its doors after its enforced closing nearly two years ago, due to the financial stress prevailing at that time. The institution, which has been refinanced, enjoys the distinction of being the first bank in the state that has ever paid out of a receiver's hands by an assessment of the stockholders, and resumed. There is every indication that the bank will start out with a successful run of business.

In line with the encouraging prosperity which has been shown in the last year by the largely increasing bank clearings, is the notable gain made by the National Bank of California in bank deposits within the year. In the statement issued this week by the bank, there is shown an increase in deposits of 62 per cent or \$1,754,165.69 since November 16, 1908.

Stock and Bond Briefs

Bonds in the sum of \$50,000 have been voted by Alhambra for the purchase of additional grounds for the Marengo school; for the construction of a school building at Ramona Park and for purchasing grounds for a school to be erected later in the district east of Alhambra.

Date for the bond election for voting \$3,500,000 for the development of the Owens river power, and \$3,000,000 for harbor improvements, has been fixed by the Los Angeles city council for February 16.

Glendale school district will hold an election December 4 to vote bonds in the sum of \$4,000 for school purposes. Bonds will bear interest at the rate of 4½ per cent per annum.

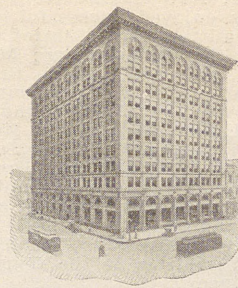
Gold Output is Shrinking

Official reports show that the Transvaal output of gold in October was the smallest of the year, excepting February. It produced only 602,000 ounces last month. The cables throw no light on the cause of the decreased production, but the conclusion may be safely drawn that the supply of labor has again fallen off. The repatriation of Chinese laborers, of whom as many as 50,000 were employed at one time since the Boer war, has been carried out with vigor all through the current year, and it is probable that today only a handful remain at work in the mines—certainly not more than 2,000 or 3,000. After South Africa has settled down under federal government, fresh efforts may be jointly made by the different colonies to attract to the Rand additional supplies of native laborers. If any substantial success be achieved, the amount of gold daily extracted from the famous Witwatersrand Reef may astonish the world, since it is only a shortage of unskilled labor that has kept down production during recent years. The total yield for the ten months of the current year has just passed 6,000,000 ounces, against fully 7,000,000 ounces for the whole of 1908, 6,500,000 in 1907 and 5,800,000 in 1906. The final figures for 1909 will not show any material increase over 1908—perhaps \$5,000,000 in value.

Population in 1910
350,000

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SECURITY BUILDING, FIFTH & SPRING STREETS

THE NATIONAL BANK OF CALIFORNIA

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA H. W. Hellman Building,
Fourth and Spring Streets.

Condensed Statement From Report to Comptroller, Nov. 16, 1909

Resources	Liabilities
Loans and Discounts.....\$2,643,289.30	Capital Stock Paid In.....\$ 500,000.00
Overdrafts.....18,728.52	Surplus and Undivided Profits..167,728.51
United States and Other Bonds..\$38,490.34	Circulation.....500,000.00
Real Estate, Furniture, Fixtures and Safe Deposit Vault.....99,526.87	Board Account.....50,000.00
Redemption Fund with U. S. Treasurer.....25,000.00	Deposits.....4,583,112.85
Cash and Sight Exchange.....2,175,806.27	
\$5,800,841.36	\$5,800,841.36

The above Statement is Correct.
H. S. McKEE, Cashier.

Correct, Attest:
J. E. FISHER,.....
F. W. BRAUN,.....
F. W. FLINT, JR.,.....
H. M. ROBINSON, Directors.

Officers
J. E. FISHER,.....President
W. D. WOOLWINE,.....Vice-President
R. L. ROGERS,.....Vice-President
H. S. McKEE,.....Cashier
C. W. PROLLICH,.....Assistant Cashier

DEPOSITS

November 16, 1909.....\$4,583,112.85
November 16, 1908.....2,828,947.16
Year's Increase, 62 per cent.....\$1,754,165.69

CLEARING HOUSE BANKS

NAME	OFFICERS
UNITED STATES NATIONAL BANK S. E. cor. Main and Commercial	ISAIAH W. HELLMAN, President. F. W. SMITH, Cashier. Capital, \$200,000. Surplus and Profits, \$73,000.00.
BROADWAY BANK & TRUST CO. 308-312 Broadway, Bradbury Bldg.	WARREN GILLELIEN, President. R. W. KENNY, Cashier. Capital, \$250,000. Surplus and Undivided Profits, \$205,000
CENTRAL NATIONAL BANK S. E. Cor. Fourth and Broadway	S. P. ZOMBRO, President. JAMES B. GIST, Cashier. Capital, \$300,000.00. Surplus and Undivided Profits, \$243,000.
CITIZENS NATIONAL BANK S. W. cor. Third and Main	R. J. WATERS, President. WM. W. WOODS, Cashier. Capital, \$1,000,000. Surplus and Profits, \$500,000.
COMMERCIAL NATIONAL BANK 401 South Spring, cor. Fourth	W. A. BONYNGE, President. NEWMAN ESSIICK, Cashier. Capital, \$200,000. Surplus and Undivided Profits, \$35,000.
FARMERS & MERCHANTS NAT. BANK Corner Fourth and Main	I. W. HELLMAN, President. CHARLES SEYLER, Cashier. Capital, \$1,500,000. Surplus and Profits, \$1,800,000.
FIRST NATIONAL BANK S. E. cor. Second and Spring	J. M. ELLIOTT, President. W. T. S. HAMMOND, Cashier. Capital Stock, \$1,250,000. Surplus and Profits, \$1,625,000.
MERCHANTS NATIONAL BANK S. E. cor. Third and Spring	W. H. HOLLIDAY, President. CHAS. G. GREENE, Cashier. Capital, \$200,000. Surplus and Profits, \$625,000.
NATIONAL BANK OF CALIFORNIA N. E. cor. Fourth and Spring	J. E. FISHER, President. H. S. McKEE, Cashier. Capital, \$500,000.00. Surplus and Undivided Profits, \$160,000.
NATIONAL BANK OF COMMERCE IN LOS ANGELES N. E. cor. Second and Main	F. M. DOUGLAS, President. CHARLES EWING, Cashier. Capital, \$300,000. Surplus, \$25,000.

The Southern Trust Company

A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS
Transacted in All Its Branches
Interest Paid on All Classes of Accounts
Capital, \$1,000,000. Surplus, \$200,000
Resources Over \$4,000,000
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Residence Property

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REAL ESTATE AGENTS
353 S. HILL STREET

Fully Equipped Rental Department,
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At the Local Theaters

(Continued From Page Thirteen)

and comfort" come in, the layman is at a loss to see. Speed and comfort may be synonymous, but at the rate with which the car blisters Benton Way about 12 p.m., the desirable state of safety seems an unknown quantity.

Mrs. John Blackwood, better known to theatergoers as Jessie Norman, is in a lachrymose state this week, and with excellent cause. "Amelia Gardner Blackwood," the valuable Boston terrier which the Blackwoods had raised from puppyhood, was the victim last week of an inhuman rascal who fed the little "pup" ground glass and strychnine. She was a prize dog, with a credit of blue ribbons and silver cups, and it is safe to say that if M'sieu John ever finds the perpetrator there will be things doing.

Fraternal feelings among the theatrical folk of Los Angeles is to be strengthened still further by the erection of a club house, where thespians may gather for the exchange of gossip and good will. The committee on location consists of Lewis S. Stone, Dick Ferris, Mrs. J. P. Stocksdale, William Yerrance and Charles Giblyn, with the fiery-headed Dick enthusing in his usual volatile fashion. A site in easy reach of all members is desired, so that visiting professionals can make it their headquarters.

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Home Savings Bank

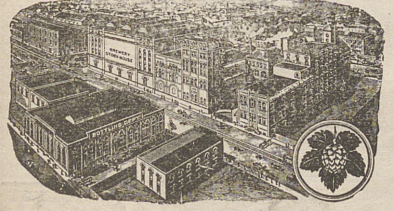
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Fifth and Spring Streets

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FIRST NATIONAL BANK

of Los Angeles, California, at the Close of Business, November 16, 1909

RESOURCES		LIABILITIES	
Loans and Discounts	\$11,192,266.26	Capital Stock	\$ 1,250,000.00
Bonds, Securities, Etc. (Bonds only)	2,464,600.00	Surplus and Undivided Profits	1,710,617.25
Cash and Sight Exchange	5,624,664.41	Circulating Notes Secured by U. S. Bonds	\$1,250,000.00
		Less Amount on Hand and in Treasury for Redemption or in Transit	331,502.50
		Circulating Notes Outstanding	918,497.50
		Deposits	15,402,415.92
Total	\$19,281,530.67	Total	\$19,281,530.67

No Real Estate. No Furniture and Fixtures. No Premium on U. S. Bonds.
I certify the above statement to be correct.—W. T. S. HAMMOND, Cashier.

(Owned by the stockholders of the First National Bank.)

Los Angeles Trust and Savings Bank

Statement of Condition at the Close of Business, Nov. 16, 1909

RESOURCES		LIABILITIES	
Loans and Discounts	\$3,624,921.00	Capital	\$1,000,000.00
Overdrafts	165.48	Surplus and Undivided Profits	510,219.83
Bonds, Securities, etc.	1,329,350.18	Bond Account	150,000.00
Banking House, Furniture and Fixtures	430,730.00	Deposits	4,721,992.82
Cash and Sight Exchange	997,044.99		
Total	\$6,382,211.65	Total	\$6,382,211.65

Metropolitan Bank and Trust Company

Statement of Condition at the Close of Business, Nov. 16, 1909

RESOURCES		LIABILITIES	
Loans and Discounts	\$ 759,023.77	Capital	\$ 250,000.00
Overdrafts	22.31	Surplus and Undivided Profits	120,344.12
Bonds, Securities, etc.	275,000.00	Deposits:	
Banking House, Furniture and Fixtures	322,500.00	Demand	\$917,346.77
Cash and Sight Exchange	502,271.93	Time	571,127.12
Total	\$1,858,818.01	Total	\$1,858,818.01

Farmers and Merchants National Bank of Los Angeles

Isaias W. Hellman.....President
J. A. Graves.....Vice-President
I. W. Hellman, Jr.....Vice-President
I. N. Van Nuys.....Vice-President
T. E. Newlin.....Vice-President
Charles Seyler.....Cashier
Gustav Heimann.....Assistant Cashier
John Alton.....Assistant Cashier

CONDENSED STATEMENT OF CONDITION

Made to the Comptroller of the Currency at the Close of Business, September 1, 1909

ASSETS		LIABILITIES	
Loans and Discounts	\$ 8,094,511.61	Capital Stock Paid In	\$ 1,500,000.00
United States Bonds	1,758,155.00	Surplus and Undivided Profits	1,897,143.02
Other Bonds	1,398,232.95	National Bank Notes Outstanding	1,500,000.00
Customers' Liability on Letters of Credit	23,942.54	Sterling Credits	40,175.04
Bank Premises	411,551.22	Reserved for Taxes	25,833.44
Money on Hand	\$3,176,408.75	Deposits	11,852,405.31
Due from Banks	1,877,752.24		
Redemption Fund with U. S. Treasurer	75,002.50		
	\$16,815,556.81		\$16,815,556.81

This Bank Is the Oldest and Has the Largest Capital and Surplus of Any Bank in Southern California

STATEMENT OF THE CONDITION OF THE

Citizens National Bank

At the Close of Business November 16, 1909

RESOURCES		LIABILITIES	
Loans and Discounts	\$5,472,538.13	Capital Stock Paid In	\$1,000,000.00
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured	10,394.86	Surplus Fund	875,000.00
U. S. Bonds to Secure Circulation	1,000,000.00	Undivided Profits, Less Expenses and Taxes Paid	163,225.19
U. S. Bonds to Secure U. S. Deposits	10,000.00	National Bank Notes Outstanding	999,997.50
Premiums on U. S. Bonds	20,412.50	Due to Other National Banks	\$ 670,761.39
Bonds, Securities, etc.	501,683.02	Due to State and Private Banks and Bankers	466,065.88
Furniture and Fixtures	84,820.82	Due to Trust Companies and Savings Banks	935,128.97
Due from National Banks (not reserve agents)	\$879,194.85	Dividends Unpaid	1,965.90
Due from State and Private Banks and Bankers	333,879.43	Individual Deposits Subject to Check	4,791,563.59
Trust Companies and Savings Banks	803,809.75	Demand Certificates of Deposit	643,706.04
Due from Approved Reserve Agents	50,713.20	Certified Checks	21,453.75
Checks and Other Cash Items	157,983.15	Cashier's Checks Outstanding	86,725.62
Exchanges for Clearing House	133,843.00	United States Deposits	1,000.00
Notes of Other National Banks	1,213.62		7,568,371.14
Fractional Paper Currency, Nickels, etc.	583,107.50		
Specie	13,500.00		
Legal-tender Notes	2,957,244.50		
Total	\$10,106,593.83	Total	\$10,106,593.83

Redemption Fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 pct. of circulation). 50,000.00
State of California, County of Los Angeles, ss.:
I, Wm. W. Woods, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 18th day of November, 1909.
C. E. FISH, Notary Public.
Correct: Attest.
W. M. WOODS, Cashier.
R. J. WATERS,
M. J. MONNETTE,
A. J. WATERS,

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